

T H E
Unfortunate Dutcheſs:
O R, T H E
Lucky G A M E S T E R.
A
N O V E L,

Founded on a true STORY. *Dutcheſs*

*Such is the Fate unhappy Women find,
And ſuch the Curſe entail'd upon our Kind,
That Man, the lawleſs Libertine, may rove,
Free and unqueſtion'd thro' the Wilds of Love:
While Woman, Senſe and Nature's eaſy Fool,
If poor weak Woman ſwerve from Virtue's Rule,
If ſtrongly charm'd, ſhe leave the Thorny Way,
And in the ſofter Paths of Pleaſure ſtray,
Ruin enſues, Reproach and endleſs Shame,
And one falſe Step entirely damns her Fame.
In vain with Tears the Loſs ſhe may deplore,
In vain look back to what ſhe was before,
She ſets, like Stars which fall, to riſe no more.*

Rowe's Jane Shore.

L O N D O N:

Printed for T. R E A D, in Dogwell-Court, White-Fryers, Fleet-
ſtreet. M D C C X X X I X.

(Price One Shilling.)



THE
Unfortunate DUTCHES:
OR, THE
Lucky GAMESTER.

MARCOMIRE *to the Divine* ALBISINDA.

MADAM,



WHEN I first had the Honour of your Acquaintance, among those numberless Qualities which rendered you so amiable, and your Conversation so charming and easy, I found that Esteem you had for Plays and Novels to be none of the least considerable. It speaks a tender Soul, and a large Portion of Wit. To pity a feign'd Hero is commendable, because it is a sure Argument,

that Compassion would not be wanting to a real one : And to delight in those Things, which have a certain Air or Passion well represented in them, shews, that the Fancy of the Reader is little or nothing inferior to that of the Writer ; for we can take no more Pleasure in what we understand not, than in those Things which we understand too well. To remove the Weight of a few lazy Minutes, I send you the fam'd Amour of a Lady, whom a long Scene of Gallantry has at last render'd obnoxious to the Laws of her Country. Her Misfortunes make her too well known ; and, tho' she is at present the Theme of her own Nation, I am confident the Story has not yet reach'd your's. I am no such Stranger to your Modesty, as not to foresee, that a minute and exact Account of some Circumstances would seem culpable ; and, therefore, shall not give you just Grounds for Anger, where my Aim is to divert : Yet, that I may not omit those Things, without which the Story would be too imperfect, I beg a greater Liberty than is, perhaps, truly adequate to the narrow Rules of a precise Modesty. I am too unfortunate if you think my Nature leads me beyond those Bounds ; and, I hope, if any Thing of that Kind escape unpolish'd, or without a necessary Cover, you will attribute it to some other Cause, or at least suspend your Judgment, till you see the Author, and permit him to answer for himself. To excuse all other Faults, remember I love too much to write well, and that when I would fix my Thoughts upon this Subject, I am surpris'd to find my Soul rides Post to you, and leaves me robb'd of Fancy or Design.

In *Clusa* (the Metropolis of the wealthy Kingdom of *Armenis*, which is compos'd of the greatest
Half

Half of the Island *Sindalon*) there liv'd a Beauty, whom Fortune and Nature had jointly blest'd with all those Graces which procure Adorers, yet render the Possessor not altogether happy. No Man could see her and preserve his Liberty, and, therefore, no Man could think himself secure in the Possession; yet, all the Youth of the Nation sigh'd for her, and those whom Fortune had not blest'd with Wealth, gaz'd on the happy exalted Fair, and had those Thoughts for her which we bear to distant Heaven, when yet we cannot paint the glorious Fabrie, or hope to reach the Blessing. Her Father (the Earl of *Gisala*) lov'd her more than Honour; he thank'd the Gods for this mighty Gift, and with Pride saw himself the Master of a thousand Hearts, by being the envied Disposer of the lovely *Eriphile*. The travelling God, in all his Race, never beheld a Form like her's beneath him; Love shot his Arrows, thro' the yielding Air, at Random, to consume the Trifles; her Eyes too fast supply the wilful Loss, and strike even those who never bow'd before. She seem'd the unknown Agent of the All-conquering *Jove*; for tho' she had the Softness of a pitying Goddess, and the languishing Looks of a yielding Virgin, yet her Frowns out-did even Thunder, and shook the very State of powerful Love. Believe me, *Albisinda*, the only Way to express her Charms and Wit, would be to say, she copied you; and had she prov'd as nicely virtuous, she had been indeed another Miracle. But Beauty too often proves fatal to the Owner, and a beautiful Face a dangerous Enemy to Honour. All Men admire the truly Charming; and continued Assaults must needs prevail over the Besieg'd, or force them, at least, to Articles.

Among the numerous Youth of *Armenis*, none could yet pretend to merit the Happiness of her

Esteem, and the young Lovers had no Relief from Pains, but when they remember'd, that Time must advance One to the Heaven they All aim'd at; and not one was sure but that indulgent Providence had design'd the Bliss for him.

While thus she reign'd absolute in the Hearts of a thousand noble Cavaliers, the great Duke of *Entheon* arrived from his Travels. Him too she conquer'd, but paid her Liberty as a Price for the glorious Victory. He is the first Subject of his Country, yet Master of a Soul which infinitely surmounts his Birth or Quality. He has the Courage of a Man in Despair, yet, attended with the Caution and Diffidency of a Coward, or one who values Life. Like Heaven, slow to Anger, but if it concerns his Fame, sudden in the Execution, and quicker than Lightning. The Liberality of a mighty Prince, and the careful Management of a private Subject, are equally his. He has the Religion of the Good and Wise, without the Bigotry of the Superstitious and Ignorant: Looks like a crown'd Head, yet more affable than the meanest Courtier, and values the Honour of his native Country beyond his private Interest, or his dearer Life. Admir'd by all Men but himself, and envied by none but Villains, who damn those Virtues in others to which themselves can not attain. He speaks most known Languages, and is conversant in the History of most Nations. In short, Madam, it is generally said of him, that his Birth and Breeding make him truly the first Gentleman in the World. *Sindalon* thought herself enrich'd beyond her neighbouring Countries, and the happy Inhabitants of *Armenis* look'd on this miraculous Youth as their Genius, or Guardian Angel. Every Man became his Votary, and those who had pass'd most of their Years Abroad, did yet

yet feel those little Qualms, and Disturbances of Mind, when they approach'd him, which bashful Strangers know in shining Courts, when ey'd by Majesty. The fairest Ladies in *Clusa* sigh'd for him, the King doated on him, and all Mankind rever'd him.

The Earl of *Cisala*, among so many, fail'd not to shew that Esteem he had for him; and our Duke, who greedily had heard his Daughter's Beauty universally proclaim'd, forgot not to embrace his Friendship. He longed to see the Original, which his Fancy, at second-hand, began to form even beyond what it was, or Nature's Self could make, and already believed, that, in all his Travels, he had seen nothing comparable to the Fair *Eriphile*. The Earl's Country-House was situated on the fertile Banks of that famous River which supplies *Clusa* with daily Necessaries, and, as it peaceably glides along, washes the Walls of its Monarch's Garden.

Thither the noble Youth went to confirm the Loss of his Liberty, which already he had half resign'd. *Cisala*, receiv'd him with that Respect his Merit every where exacted, without Regard to Quality, and now thought he had found a Husband worthy of his Daughter: Yet, doubtful of his wish'd Success, he acquainted the Fair One with the Arrival of his noble Guest. It was impossible to live in *Armenis*, and not to have heard of him. She understood the Meaning of this Advertisement, and carefully adorned herself to the best Advantage; an Art very commendable in Ladies, and in which, those of her Nation are particularly skill'd.

The Earl diverted him some Time with the Rarities of his House, and shew'd him several Pieces of exquisite Painting, done by the greatest Ma-

sters of the Age. *Entheon*, underwent a certain unexpressible Disquiet, when he view'd a well-done Landscape, and wanted something which these Scenes suggested to his Fancy, yet could hardly consult his Judgment to find what it was he sigh'd for. At last, they agree to take a Turn in the Garden; where the Earl, meeting with some Friends, who had come to see him that Evening, was oblig'd to beg the Duke's Pardon, and promised to wait on him in a very few Minutes.

Entheon, now left alone, and about to pursue his Walk, was suddenly arrested by a Song which charm'd his Soul, and tied up all his Thoughts. He wonder'd that he had not sooner heard this heavenly Music, but fancied the Charm was just begun, or not heard to Perfection, because of his late Discourse with the Earl. He stood some time immoveable, yet impatient to see her who sung so like a very Angel: He resolv'd to lose one Part of his present Happiness for the Purchase of a greater; and, guided by the enchanting Voice, with eager Steps, he reach'd, at last, the Grove. His Curiosity, tho' great, did not too far extend itself: His Passion never over-rul'd his Judgment, and this Juncture he manag'd with the Discretion of Old-Age. For, tho' he could have enter'd, as if Chance, not Design had led him, yet he chose rather to keep himself undiscover'd, and to be blest'd unknown. But when he advanc'd, and softly had press'd down those tender Boughs which obstructed his Sight, Gods! how was he surpriz'd! To paint his Thoughts would be a Labour fit for a Muse at her full Strength: Let this suffice, he saw *Eriphile*, and grew divinely mad. Mortality was forgot, and he remain'd in that Extasy, which, if express'd would seem wholly irreligious to any Man but a transported Lover.

The

The Fair One lay in a careless Posture, extended on the yielding Grass. Her Foot and half the Leg were obvious to his Sight, and the scanty Bliss prompted his lingering Soul to paint the Beauties yet unseen even beyond the Original, or what Nature, when she us'd her utmost Art, could form. He curs'd his Fortune which shew'd no more, or else expos'd too much, and fear'd that a Shape, so far beyond what his eager Thoughts had created, should be attended with the Alloy of a homely Face; still waiting with the Impatiency of a Man half bless'd 'till some kind Accident should encrease the Pleasure. She, who dream'd not of a prying Lover, proves kind without Design, and taking her Favourite Maid by the Hand (with a Voice which gave a perfect Harmony to all her Words) suddenly cry'd, "My dear *Daria* (for that " was her Name) I have unluckily lost one of " my Garters." The Duke had no Time to weigh his coming Fortune, and consequently lost Part of the Blessing; for the charming *Eriphile* had no sooner said so, than he could see the Petticoat gently removed. The Pleasure of a longing Stranger, when the furling Curtain shews a gilded Scene, and warlike Music charms the unsteady Thoughts, sickens the Mind and thrills the kindled Blood, but never gave a Joy confus'd like his. His Transports were such (which some will think next Door to Impossibility) that even Nature was hush'd, the Soul alone imploy'd, and *Plato's* Way of living was here practis'd to Perfection. Yet it is probable that, had the old Philosopher himself seen so much, he had quitted the Argument, and given the Body a Conquest over the Soul. The amorous Duke, made too happy, was unable to contain himself, and after he had once survey'd the tempting Object, and her more bewitching

witching Face, he suddenly cry'd out, Oh Heavens! Can so much Beauty ever give herself up to the Embraces of a Mortal? Sure it is anticipating Heaven to lye panting in her Arms:—It was well the Fair One started from the Ground; the Lover else had prejudg'd the Duke, and his Raptures had spoke his Judgment not the same he possess'd the preceding Minute. But a violent Love seldom knows any Bounds, and when Beauty suddenly assaults the Heart, Reason is often dislodg'd, or at least gives Way, and then it is pardonable if a Man raves. However, he begg'd a thousand Pardons for his Sin of Ignorance, and told her, that, tho' he thought himself infinitely blessed by this Encounter, yet, he could have wish'd it had happened at a Time when she was less dispos'd to Solitude: And offer'd to retire, that by his speedy Absence she might retrieve a Part of that silent Pleasure she had lost, tho' not before he had assur'd her, that, if his Curiosity had led him to the Grove, he paid the Forfeiture of his Liberty as a Punishment for his Offence.

The bewitching Maid, not knowing she had seen so much, was pleas'd with the Accident; their mutual Surprize added to the Beauties of both, and she found, by her forced Silence, that the Duke was already more than indifferent to her. Yet, asham'd of this new Weakness, she strove suddenly to recollect herself, and confusedly told him, “She presum'd he was the Duke of *En-*
“*theon*; that her Father and the whole World
“spake advantageously of him, and she could not
“think herself unfortunate in the Conversation of
“a Man so universally esteem'd: But that, if he
“pays too great a Price for that which enrich'd
“her, she would be so generous as not to urge
“him

“ him to so much Bounty, notwithstanding those
 “ Advantages she might reap by it.

This was indeed a polite, obliging Compliment, but the fair *Eriphile* already loved him, and already knew it. She had too much Wit, therefore, to lose such a favourable Opportunity, of engaging a Man, for whom the greatest Beauty in the Island would have dispens'd with the Out-Guards of Modesty, or rather the superfluous Niceties, impos'd by Custom, not Reason, upon those of her Sex.

On the other Hand, the Duke thought himself in Heaven. His Excess of Joy almost denied him the Use of his Reason, and if ever he was non-plus'd, let me suppose this the Juncture. However, from what she said, he guess'd his Stay could not be altogether unseasonable: And, after he had wittily acknowledg'd the Honour she did him, was about to begin Encomiums on her Beauty, when the Earl arriv'd and made the Number four. He told the young Lover, “ He was glad
 “ to find his Absence supply'd by the Conversa-
 “ tion of a young Lady, in whom if he found
 “ any Thing agreeable he was doubly fortunate.

This too was a handsome Beginning, and the Duke (who had too noble a Soul not to be amorous) that Moment renounc'd his Liberty, which was repay'd with her's. To have seen this lovely Pair, would have kindled Flames in others, when icy Age had banish'd native Heat. The Earl himself curs'd his grey Hairs, griev'd he was born so soon; and, to be again capable of loving and fit to be belov'd, would have renounced the World's Empire, and that Experience which his Years had brought him. *Entheon's* Looks spake the agreeable Disorders of *Entheon's* Mind, and the charming Mistress of his Heart had so much

of

of a languishing Softness, and new-born Love in her Eyes, they reach'd his very Soul, and hurry'd him into Extasies. The calm Evening added infinitely to their Pleasure, nor did they think of parting 'till the falling Dew oblig'd them to a Separation.

The Duke was already divided from himself; His Thoughts were wholly imploy'd on the Adventures of that Day, and he was surpriz'd to find himself in *Clusa*, when he had hardly dream'd of his being on the Road. To inform you how he pass'd the Night, would be a needless Labour; if you have been in Love, you can easily form his Pains, his Hopes, his Fears, and the strange Emotions of his Soul; and if you have not, you would hardly credit the Recital.— As for the beauteous *Eriphile*, dear *Albifinda*, I leave her to your unerring Judgment; doubtless you can divine her Sentiments, and if you never was a Prisoner to restless Love, yet your Fancy can easily paint her faint Joys, distant Cares, frequent Doubts, and disorder'd Reveries.

Next Morning, the Duke was at Court, before the King quitted his Bed, and waited the Earl's Arrival, with the Impatiency of a young Lover. When he came, *Entheon*, upon the first Occasion told him, how happy he was in being a Father; and smiling said, “ *Cisala*, sure you need no more to make you Master of all your Fellow-Creatures, than to shew them what a Treasure you can dispose of.” The Earl, who could never enough esteem a Man of his Merit, was much pleas'd with this Piece of Raillery (for so he would term it) and told him, “ The World was, indeed, pleas'd to commend his Daughter's Beauty, and that he was heartily sensible of the Honour he did him in heightening her Character:”

“ For

“ For his good Opinion must needs be much
 “ to the Advantage of a young Lady; since no
 “ Man refus’d to pay Homage to his Judgment
 “ and Choice in every Thing else.” From this
 Minute let me date their Friendship. The Earl
 was no where to be found but with the Duke;
 and *Entbeon* must be sued to by *Cisala*’s Channel.

Our Lover thought *Clusa* no other than a Desert, or if a Ball at Court sometimes oblig’d his Mistress to wait upon the Queen, he judg’d himself in another World. He found a livelier Air in every Man’s Face, and the Transports of his elevated Soul were such that, with Difficulty, he abstain’d from giving public Testimonies of his inward Satisfaction. The happy *Eriphile* eyed him with Concern, thank’d the Gods for the Blessing of his Love, and knew no real Cares but when she dream’d she did not please enough. *Entbeon* became the Object of her serious Wishes; and he never petition’d Heaven without a Clause for her. Thus some Months were consum’d: Love was equally a Friend to both, and mutual Hopes encreas’d their growing Flames. Each of them dreaded the Loss of the other, and *Entbeon* having obtain’d the Earl’s Consent, *Hymen* could not be wanting in his. In a Word, they were marry’d, and with the utmost Magnificence.

I hope, *Albifinda*, you will excuse me, if, for the first Night, I draw the Curtain, and hide her Maiden Blushes, when the hasty Youth took her in his Arms, trembled with the Apprehension of his coming Joy, spake in soft Whispers, yet scarce knew what he utter’d, and the beating of his Heart express’d the Eagerness of his Soul. When breathless on her panting Breasts he lay, strove to be bless’d again, and again sunk beneath the Weight of the excessive Pleasure; or better to
 express

express it, when Love (too prodigally kind) gave him Heaven by the Bulk, without a Strength of Mind adapted to the Blessing. To paint the Joys of both would be too much; let this suffice, *They lov'd, and were wedded with Consent of Friends.* The Days now seem'd Hours, or rather lesser Scenes of Happiness than the more welcome Night, and in the Morning, tho' divided, each of them thought they yet did feel the fast Embraces of the other, and could hardly think themselves unlock'd; so vigorously had the Remembrance of the Soul's pass'd Joys imprinted itself upon the consenting active Body. But this Fair-Weather was not of perpetual Duration; a Cloud hover'd in the Air, thicken'd on a Sudden, and in Time eclips'd the shining Happiness of both.

Fidelia, a Lady whose Wit and Humour had made her, from a mean Station, the exalted Mistress of a kind Monarch, had come (as usually she did once a Day) to see the young Dutchess. They were both addicted to Gaming (a Diversion, *Albifinda*, rarely known to the Ladies of your Country) and having play'd a while at Cards, they resolv'd to visit the *Centura*, (with us called a Play-House) where desiring to pass *Incog*, they dress'd for the Purpose, and, a little after the Play was begun, they appear'd in one of the Side-Boxes. Their Cloaths and Air drew the Eyes of a full Audience, and the Actors themselves were so much surpriz'd they scarce remember'd one Cue of twenty, and were oblig'd to the Care of the Prompter for every Sentence they spoke, who himself had been incapable of rendering that timely Service, had his Seat fronted either the Stage or Pit. The most daring of the Beaux advanc'd, and, tho' they judg'd them of Quality, yet, since they were mask'd, they thought that, without
being

being guilty of Ill-manners, they might attack them.

Among those the Duke shewed himself none of the least forward, and *Fidelia* (who was freer than the more modest *Eriphile*) was the one he assaulted; she failed not to entertain him kindly, and the Dutches (who would not baulk the Adventure so oddly begun) took up with the first who offer'd himself. He was a handsome Youth, and knew how to address a Lady as well as any Man. The Dutches was very well pleas'd with his Wit and Conversation; she already relished this invisible Way of intriguing, and thought it within a Degree of Goddessship to be prayed to unseen. The Duke, who was young and naturally amorous, employed the Hours very agreeably, and form'd a Beauty to himself like that of his famed *Eriphile*, yet propos'd only this Satisfaction to himself, that to see her robbed of Modesty, would serve to endear that which himself possessed with constant Virtue joined.

When the Curtain was dropp'd, the Dutches ey'd *Fidelia*, as if wholly ignorant what to do:— She had relied on her; and she (who was all Gaiety and Mirth, and knew well enough how to come off) gave the Duke her Hand, and having seated themselves in the Coach, drove to a noted Tavern not far off. When they enter'd the Room, the Duke humbly begg'd the Lady would unmask. *Erinthus* (for that was his Name who waited upon the Dutches) did the same, and both their unknown Mistresses were almost forced to cry out in their own Defence, or choose to undergo a quick Discovery; but our Gallants perceiving they were obstinate, were at last satisfied with their Fortunes. It was a mad Freak on both Sides, and enough to move any Man's Smiles, had he seen how earnestly

ly they talk'd, swore, prais'd and lov'd what yet they had not seen. The Duke was charm'd with the Wit of his unknown Mistress, and *Eriphile* underwent those Emotions which she never had known but when she first saw the matchless *Entheon*. At last they betook themselves to Cards, where (at *Picquet*) *Erinthus* won fifty Pieces from the Dutches;—she readily paid him, and this confirmed him in what he almost before believed, that she was of Quality. This put him upon his Guard, inspir'd him with Care to please; he assum'd a new Air, and shew'd so much, it seems, of Gallantry, that the yielding *Eriphile* was perfectly charmed.

The Clock, at last, having struck Twelve, founded a Retreat, and they began to think of their respective Concerns. The Lovers begg'd they would allow them the Honour of waiting on them to their Lodgings: It was readily granted, and the Coach being call'd, it was as readily put in Execution. The Dutches had given the Coachman private Orders to drive to her House, and the Duke, whose Mind was much employed, never examin'd the Place 'till he found himself in his own Bed-Chamber. As he was about to express his Surprise, *Eriphile* and *Fidelia* unmasked. *Erinthus* first begg'd Pardon for his rude Mistake; and *Entheon* (after he had rouz'd his disorder'd Judgment) smil'd, and ask'd the Dutches, if what he had done gave her any Cause to suspect his Faith, and hoped *Fidelia's* Wit excus'd him for spending so much Time in her Company, when he had thought his Wife at Home. *Eriphile* smiled too, and faintly answered; *If Fidelia please, she can easily charm, for Wit and Beauty join'd can never assault a generous Heart in vain.* The Duke was surpriz'd with this cold Return,

Return, and it is certain the lovely Dutchess never had us'd him so before: She was not now jealous, nor had she any Reason to fear the Loss. But *Erinthus* already appeared too charming, and Truth is, it seems, he had something about him very taking, and singularly agreeable: For he had, before that Time, attack'd a Lady of the same Rank, and had not failed of the Success he desired.

You may wonder, perhaps, *Albifinda*, why I am not more particular in my Character of this Gallant. But to satisfy some Part of your Curiosity, know, he owes his Birth to *Burgoa*, a Common-Wealth, by Trade, their own Industry, and the indolent Remissness of their prouder Neighbours, rais'd to a Height unlooked for, surmounting in Wealth those very States or Kingdoms from whom, some Years ago, they, kneeling, begg'd Protection. Love and Gallantry are Strangers to the Nation; many of their Souls are as phlegmatic as their Bodies, and most of them look like Machines, or rather walking Tuns. His Parents were forced to pursue a mean Employment to purchase a Livelihood, and the now fortunate Lover, when young, left his Country in a Post suitable to his Quality and Education. But having learned, in *Armenis* (what was by no Means to be found at Home) something of a better Air, and the easy smooth Way of speaking, peculiar to the Language of that more polite Nation, he quickly found Preferment. They are naturally kind enough to Strangers, and the Advantages of his Person (which Nature it seems design'd not for a *Burgoan*) conduced not a little to his good Fortune. That he was a *Lucky Gamester* may appear from this, that, in a very short Time, he purchas'd a considerable Estate, and became a Companion to

those of the best Quality in *Sindalon*. Duke *Entheon* us'd Gaming as a wise Man ought to do, that is, for his Pleasure: He always play'd without Heat, lost chearfully, and rarely laid down too much to be dispos'd of by Fortune, remembering always how much of Madness it shew'd, to put that to a Hazard which was his own already.

This accidental Meeting, already mentioned, gain'd him the Honour of the Duke's Acquaintance: You may believe then, *Albifinda*, that for the future he was no Stranger to his House. They pass'd whole Days together, and Night herself could sometimes hardly part them. *Eriphile* was always pleas'd when he was present, and languish'd for him when absent. It is true, her Virtue was yet strong, and she struggled with the growing Passion, hid her Grievs with Art, and in her Eyes express'd a quiet Soul. When she play'd, her Thoughts even then were hardly fix'd on Game, nor could she truly grudge the fortunate *Erintbus* a double Victory.

The Youth already observ'd his coming Happiness, and, by his Industry to please, advanc'd nearer to that Heaven he wish'd for. It is impossible, when alone, to express her Pains. She saw how much she lov'd, and from her yielding Heart could judge her Honour tottering. *Entheon* still was kind; she knew his Merit, and fain would yet be just: But powerful Love, with double Force assails, and scatters Virtue's Charms which stop his Way. Nor can he walk with Judgment who was always blind. — Oh *Albifinda*! that this charming Fair, at last, betray'd her Marriage Vows, is not to be disputed: But, to say, she fell without a noble Contest, would be too much. No Woman ever knew more, or was Mistress of better Inclinations; she was sensible of her Error,
EVEN

even when she drew the Guilt upon her; and even in his Arms (altho' she lov'd) could have wish'd her Soul fled to save her sinking Honour. The World has more than common Charity for the fair *Eriphile*, and some People scruple not to affirm, she yielded before she knew she had done so. The Story, *Albifinda*, is, in this Place, known to all, and (even by those who pretend to the exactest Knowledge in the State of Affairs relating to this Amour) for a Truth believed. It runs thus:

The Duke, it seems, had long profess'd a more than common Tendernefs for the lovely *Daria*, a Maid generously educated, and of a noble Spirit, to her Mistress just, nor to herself unkind. No Allurements could prevail, no Present found Acceptance, and the Weakness of her Nature was always supported by the Strength of her Virtue. But, the Duke growing at last importunate, and obstinately kind, she found it too hard to preserve Honour and his Friendship too. In this pressing Juncture, she resolv'd to abandon the Family, and after she had, with Tears in her Eyes, told the Dutchess, that some Affair of Consequence required her Absence, humbly begg'd she would make her happy in her Consent.

Her Mistress was too sensible of her Merit to lose her without Reluctancy; and told her, that, if she was any way disoblig'd, she would have immediate Satisfaction; nor would she give her Consent, unless she was first acquainted with those Reasons which moved her Departure. *Daria* fell a weeping, and, on her Knees, conjur'd her not to urge what, if betray'd, would give her Pains unknown. This, instead of satisfying, increas'd the Dutchess's Curiosity, and she was at last oblig'd to disclose the Whole.

Poor *Eriphile* was Thunder-struck with the unwelcome Relation. Her Heart, it is true, already was unfix'd, and she had those Thoughts for *Erinthus* which spake him too much Master of her Soul. Yet she lov'd the nobler *Entheon*, or at least esteem'd him so much, that she could not, even in Thought, consent to lose him. In this afflicting Situation her Wit or Invention, at last, offer'd this Relief, which she propos'd as the only Means to confirm the Duke her own, and preserve her *Daria* too. The Maid was seemingly to yield, to make an Assignment, and, that done, she was to leave what follow'd to *Eriphile's* Care and Management. This was as soon performed as projected; for the faithful *Daria* (whose Beauties were better'd by her new Grievs) was that Day more strongly assaulted than ever, and she could do no less than make an Appointment. Two in the Morning was the Hour agreed upon, and you may believe *Entheon* thought it long 'till Night. In the Afternoon *Erinthus* came to see him, of whose Company he was, at that Time, more than ever desirous. To Cards they went, where the Pleasures of Love were for a while forgot, and Game and Wine the Business of both.

Mean Time, the Dutchess (willing to enjoy what was for her Maid design'd) took Possession of *Daria's* Bed, and with much Impatiency waited the Duke's coming. The Hour at last arriv'd; but *Entheon* (whether indispos'd by drinking, sudden conscientious Qualms, or sitting up beyond his usual Hour, I know not) had no great Inclination to the Combat. This Freak, *Albifinda*, is indeed unanswerable, especially if you weigh the Conduct of this Great Man: But it is confidently affirm'd, that he acquainted *Erinthus* with the Intrigue: Told him, he found himself, at that Time,
 unfit

unfit for the Field, and that, if he pleas'd, he might supply his Place. The fortunate Youth was ravish'd with the kind Offer, and told the Duke, that, since he was only to fight for the first Blood, he was proud of the Service enjoyn'd him. In short, *Entheon* conducted him to the Chamber-Door, which stood open on Purpose for himself, and there left him.

The Youth found the Bed in the Dark, and I suppose, without the Help of a Candle, found the Dutchess too. She receiv'd him, as she would have done her Husband, and if she found him richer in his Love, she attributed the Cause to liberal Fancy, which form'd her new, and of a stale Wife made a tender and young Mistress. Howsoever it was, they remain'd not long in the State of Ignorance, and each of them wonder'd why the other was silent; for tho' *Erinthus* would pass for *Entheon*, and *Eriphile* would, for a Time, be *Daria*, yet, the first Joys and Transports fled, she began to distinguish the Lover from the Husband, and trembling said, *My dear Entheon, why have you us'd me thus? I have been Daria, and under that Name much happier than my own.* Even when she spoke she doubted the Truth, and us'd these Words only to be confirm'd in her Opinion. The Lover was ravish'd; the Place, on a Sudden, was converted into a new Heaven, and he only griev'd, that much of his pass'd Happiness was lost by being so long ignorant of the Value of that Treasure he had possess'd. New Love, new Wishes, rouze him up to Life, and before he spoke he would be bless'd again, *Eriphile*, 'twixt Fear and Hope, again receiv'd him, and, even in his Arms, could hardly know whether she wished him *Entheon* or not.

At last the fortunate Youth confess'd himself; told her, " That Chance and the Duke's Kindness
 " had made him happy, but she alone could keep
 " him in that State: That he had long ador'd
 " her, and bountiful Love had now repay'd his
 " Pains: That his Happiness should be conceal'd
 " from all the World, and her Honour was now
 " as secure as if in *Entheon's* Arms she fainting
 " lay." A Crime, when first committed is of
 greatest Weight, and frequent Repetitions render
 those Things familiar, and seemingly innocent,
 which we at first view'd with Reluctancy and
 Horror: For a small Sin, pass'd over without
 Grief, speaks us in a fair Way towards a greater.
 The Dutches, it is true, lov'd, and by his Voice
 knew the happy Man: But then she remember'd
 the Loss of her Honour, saw how far she had
 fallen, and trembled when she look'd back upon
 the frightful Precipice. She call'd to Mind the
 Duke's pristine Love, those Thoughts she had
 for him, when first he found her lying in the Grove,
 and knew his Merit nothing yet diminish'd.

This, my dear *Albifinda*, gave the Fair One
 some Pain: For, tho' her Nature had given Con-
 sent, her Soul was yet virtuous; and had *Erinthus*
 seen those Tears she shed, all Thoughts of Joy
 had vanish'd from his Breast; Grief had disarm'd
 his eager Wishes, and Impotency, by Pity brought,
 had supply'd the Place of vigorous Love. But,
Albifinda, it was in the Dark, the Curtains drawn,
 they were alone, both lov'd, and both forgot their
 Cares: You may easily believe he had his Share;
 for tho' he was a *Burgoan*, that is, a Man whose
 Conscience would never baulk his Business, if at-
 tended with Pleasure or Profit, yet he had some
 faint Remembrance of that Injustice he did to a
 Man who had forgot his mean Birth, made him a
 Com-

Companion and Sharer in his Pleasures, and had, or at least thought so, bestow'd that Prize upon him, in the seeming Possession of *Daria*, which he himself had sought for many Months. In a Word, all Complaints were hush'd; the Dutcheſs forgot what she once was, what yet she ought to have been, and own'd her Love was stronger than her Virtue.

When the Youth retir'd, her Cares again increas'd, she griev'd a Loss she could not then retrieve, and, weeping, wish'd the Business still undone. These indeed were the first Motions of her primitive Soul; but Love again brought it to a modern Constitution: She consider'd how securely she had enjoy'd the Man she lov'd, and flatter'd herself with the Thoughts of being really innocent, because the World yet thought her so; and believ'd the Manner in which it happen'd extenuated the Crime. In the mean Time, the Duke had waited the Return of his Friend, if now I may call him so, and, smiling, asked, "How happy he had been?" *Erinthus* gave him a thousand Thanks for that Testimony he had receiv'd of his Friendship; but told the Adventure with so much Indifferency, that *Entheon* could hardly grudge that Favour he had bestow'd upon him. When he went to Bed, he was yet insensible of his Loss: *Eriphile* was all lovely, and that Crime against his Love, he had almost committed, endear'd the Objects of his Wishes more than all her wonted Charms, or native Goodness. He found her Melancholy greater than usual, griev'd that she was not so kind as she used to be, earnestly ask'd the Cause; and, to comfort her, swore, that he had for her that noble Love which our first Father bore to his lovely *Eve*, before the Fiend debauch'd her. She gave him

feign'd Returns, alledg'd she was indispos'd, ask'd Pardon for her seeming Indifferency, and faintly say'd, *She did believe he lov'd her.* The kind Duke was satisfied; and in a few Minutes the Cares of both were swallow'd up in Sleep.

This Account, *Albifinda*, is by some rejected, and your busy Medlers, or News-Pimps, who pretend to know every Thing, confidently affirm, that *Erinthus* had won so much from her at Play, she was necessarily oblig'd to pay the Sum with a Favour which might have been the Price of Empire.

Next Day he came to wait upon the injur'd Duke, or, rather the kind Dutchess, and forgot not to improve every Opportunity to the Advantage of his Love. In a little Time he became too happy, or, at least, too often so: And if the generous *Entheon* had in the least suspected the Fair *Eriphile's* Weakness, or his Friendship, their Guilt had been too obvious. His noble Confidence made him too secure, 'till a certain Adventure, which happen'd some Time after, taught them more Caution, and him a greater Share of Jealousy.

The Duke, it seems, was oblig'd to attend the King, who then had his Court twenty Miles from *Clusa*: The Dutchess knew this the preceding Night, and had therefore order'd every Thing necessary for the Reception of her Lover. Her Husband took Coach about Eight next Morning, and *Erinthus* was to wait upon her Grace at Three in the Afternoon. She thought every Hour had borrow'd from Eternity, and griev'd she had delay'd her Happiness so long. She, sighing, lay upon the yielding Bed, and under the modish Covert of a sudden Indisposition, occasion'd by a Cold she never had, avoided the unseasonable

unseasonable Visits of her troublesome Friends: *Daria* was alone privy to the Intrigue; and, tho' she had all that Respect for the Dutchess which her Duty in the strictest Sense could exact from her, yet, she grieved to find her Virtue so much weaken'd, and wish'd her innocent as when first she knew her.

Eriphile had the Goodness to excuse herself as handsomely as she could; painted her Lover dress'd with all his Graces about him, and shew'd the Power of subtle Love in Words which spoke her knowing in the Mystery. Poor *Daria* sigh'd as if herself endured those Pains of which her Lady complain'd, and, by her Looks, confess'd her inward Grievs. The Dutchess carefully observ'd her frequent Change of Colour, and the Flushing of her disorder'd Blood, and ask'd, " If Love had ever led her Captive? " The tender Damsel blush'd, and, by her Silence, confess'd the Truth of what her Mistress had often much suspected. She charg'd her upon her Allegiance, as she would preserve her Esteem, and make her think she lov'd her, she would relate the Whole, and, by the Story of her Love, divert her Melancholy, 'till the Arrivall of the fortunate *Erinthus*. *Daria* excus'd herself from the Performance as well as she could: But seeing it was not accepted, she sigh'd, was some Minutes silent, and, addressing herself to the Dutchess, began as follows:

You know, Madam, I was born in *Scarronida*, your Sister-Nation, and of the same Religion with yourselves; a hardy, warlike People, yet no Strangers to Love: And, tho' we lye North from *Armenis*, and, by our Bounds, make up the Half of this Island, yet we seem nearer the Torrid Zone than you. My Father was a Gentleman
very

very much esteem'd; and, tho' his Fortune did not prefer him to that Height his Soul always aim'd at, yet his Humour and agreeable Conversation made him the Darling of his greater Neighbours, and he match'd with a very ancient Family, rich in Friends, and every Way truly preferable to his own.

I was the first and last Pledge of my Parents Love, and was ever doated upon by those who saw me, for that Resemblance I had of the Fair *Julietta* (for that was my Mother's Name) and *Aristeon* (my kind Father) esteem'd his young Daughter even beyond Life or Empire. He sought Wealth only to bless me in a noble Marriage, and with secret Pride already eyed my growing Beauty. Our Neighbour in the Country, the great *Dion*, who, tho' a private Gentleman, can, for the Service of his Prince, muster an Army of his own Vassals and Dependants, to the Number of some Thousands, had a Son whom all in general respected, whom many Beauties sigh'd for, and none attack'd with Success. I was then in my Sixteenth Year, and, tho' I had often seen him and heard him prais'd, yet my Heart had never submitted to his Charms.

That Friendship which was between my Father and his drew them often together, and the generous *Dion* has frequently pass'd whole Weeks at our House. It once chanc'd that, while he rode a hunting, not far from us, and eager in the Chace, the Horse fell down a sloping Bank, and bruis'd his hardy Rider. My Father, deeply concern'd for this Misfortune, immediately sent for his Son. The handsome Youth came to our House with Tears in his Eyes, and mourn'd over his aged Father with the Tendernefs of a weeping Mother when grieving for the Loss of her Darling Infant. There was so much of the Man mix'd with

with a Woman's Softness in his Pains, that I could not chose but observe it. I was insensibly pleas'd with every Word he spoke, and, sighing, wish'd I had a Brother like him. His Tears for the old Man brought mine, and I weeped afresh for *Dion* more earnestly than when first he got his Hurts. Young *Odmar*, for so the Son was named, took Notice of my Cares, and from my Tenderness and Compassion argu'd the Easiness of my Soul. I shall not, Madam, praise my own Beauty; but he has afterwards told me, that the Softness I then shew'd reach'd his Heart, and from small Grievs wound him up to Pity; and, tho' he had no Cause much to sorrow for me, yet my Pains to him shew'd double, and from Compassion drew him up to Love.

I was one Evening walking in the Garden, disorder'd in my Thoughts, and examining myself to find, if that Uneasiness I knew proceeded from my Love to *Odmar*. But as I began the Scrutiny, he enter'd, who alone could confirm the Truth of what I fear'd. I trembled as he approach'd, wish'd him gone, yet lov'd to see him stay, and scarce could tell what Thoughts possess'd my Heart. The lovely Youth soon apologiz'd for intruding upon my Retirement, and you may easily imagine how readily I forgave him.

A pleasant River runs at the Back of our Garden-Wall, and beyond that a spacious Green, where feeding Flocks attend the Shepherd's Call, forget their present Wants, and listen to the lov'd Music of his tuneful Pipe. There labouring Swains, when Toils out-strip the Day, dance with the Maids they love, and cheat those Pains by cruel Labour brought. The Gardener, it seems, had by Chance left the Back-Door open, and there being a Tarrafs-Walk upon the Top of the Bank,

Bank, we resolv'd from thence to view the open Fields. The Water murmur'd beneath us, and the little Fishes wanton'd in the Streams. The setting-Sun look'd back on that vast Track he had left behind him, griev'd to lose that Prospect once he had, and as he stoop'd beneath the Veil of Night, rous'd up himself with Eagerness, and, by a Flash of new-born Light, would gild the distant Mountains. Just so a Lover when he quits the Shoar, with Trouble views the Mistress of his Vows, longs to be nigh, yet, still he slides away, and when he's almost banish'd from her Sight, he stands aloft and glads her from afar, and by his Gestures shews he fain would stay. In a Word, Madam, the Place and the Company very much charm'd me, and I did feel that painful Joy at my Heart which speaks us sick with Love.

Among other Matters, I ask'd Odmar, if his Father's Pains were yet abated, if he hop'd a speedy Recovery? and told him, "That, tho' I was proud of his Company, yet I could not choose but grieve the Occasion which brought us so often together." "Madam, replied he, I cannot be so happy in this World, as when I am in *Aristeon's* House; and yet I think it fatal to me; for, as the Father's Pains decrease, the Son's are still augmented, and those Torments which did oppress the old Man's Body, are doubly charg'd upon the young Man's Soul." I blush'd as he spake, and so many crowding Thoughts fill'd my Breast, I was unable, from the confus'd Heap, to produce one to serve the present Exigency. My unseasonable Silence shew'd I understood his Language too well, and had before thought of (nay, it may be wish'd for) what I heard.

Odmar

Odmar read his good Fortune in my Eyes, and, willing to make Use of the lucky Minute, threw himself at my Feet, conjur'd me to remember, "That his Life and Fortune depended on what I was about to say; that one kind Word gave him Heaven, and my Anger made him the unhappiest of Men: That it was impossible for him to live without me, and he would forfeit every Thing he held dear on Earth for the greater Blessing of my Love."——His Fears, Madam, were vain; I esteem'd him too much to give him more of Pain, and reply'd in Terms which spoke him not indifferent to my Soul. Had your Grace seen his Looks, when he found me so calm, in Spite of all your Modesty you would have doated on him, and I dare say, it was impossible for Woman to have us'd him otherwise than I did.

Dion at last recover'd, and I must say, tho' I wish'd him well, I griev'd his Health restor'd, because, by his Absence, I was robb'd of *Odmar*. Our parting yet presents itself to my View, and I see the lovely Youth drown'd in Melancholy, ashamed of his Weakness, yet weeping as he spoke. His House was but three Miles from ours. I bid him remember that Conveniency, and propos'd an Interview at least once a Week. The Youth, who was overjoy'd to find me so kind, and indulgent to his Flame, was almost dumb with Extasy, and swore he never could merit any Part of that Goodness I had shewn; and, that his Life was not of Worth enough to repay my Stock of Love.

When he was gone, methought I yet saw him, heard him, tasted his soft Kisses, and gaz'd upon the Fantome. My tender Heart could hardly bear the Burden of a long Week's Absence. A
thousand

thousand Times I trac'd the Tarrafs-Walk, and if from afar I espy'd ought resembling Human Kind, I long'd and wish'd it him. *Odmar* shar'd in every Thought, and my Father's House look'd ruinous, dead and decay'd, since the Departure of the sprightly Youth. I remember'd every Word he spoke, when first he swore he lov'd, and curs'd the Hour which took him from my Sight. I blush not, Madam, to say, no Woman ever lov'd like *Daria*, and no Man ever merited more than *Odmar*.

To avoid Discovery, I was to meet him a Mile from our House; the River already mention'd, which runs by the Garden, chalk'd out my Path, and I went along upon the dewy Banks, and shaded from the Sun by spreading Oaks. When we met, it was impossible for either of us to express our Joys: We gaz'd, sigh'd, and embrac'd, as if our Souls had joyn'd; griev'd that Time flew too fast, and wish'd the Minutes Years. Whatever he said was welcome to my Ears, and tho' I listen'd to his Voice with all the Pleasure of a transported Maid, yet I often broke the Thread of his Discourse, by asking a thousand little kind, yet insignificant Questions, because, like him, I would shew how much I lov'd. Thus have we employ'd several Hours, then griev'd and parted, tho' never before we had fix'd the Day for our next Interview. At this Time we rail'd at Fortune and our Stars, and mourn'd we could not meet to stay for ever. But had we known the coming Ill, we then had judg'd ourselves truly happy.

My Father, it seems, had often miss'd me, and found, by constant Observation, that I was absent twice every Week, and always at the same Hours. He knew not at first what to think of this Adventure: He dream'd not of *Odmar*, and

won-

wonder'd much that I should walk Abroad alone. It is true, he had taken Notice of my Melancholy, tho' ignorant of the Cause, and was now afraid that I began to humour that Weakness of the Mind, which so often proves fatal to the Beauty and the Judgment of its Slave, knowing that while we humble the Mind too far, we sink the Body quite. But then again considering my Years, my few Cares (unless I lov'd) his and my Mother's Kindness to me, he could hardly credit that Thought. To rid himself, therefore, of his Doubts, he resolv'd to watch me narrowly for the future, and in Person make a true and wish'd Discovery of the hidden Secret.

The early Day drove on the yielding Night, and, as the latter fled, the first in View appear'd, proud of the Conquest, and growing in his Strength. The happier Gods lay stretch'd upon their Beds, and, loath to rise, rais'd up their awful Heads, look'd down, and shuffl'd by the thicker Clouds, to see if busy Mortals yet were stirring; but viewing the dark and solitary Globe, they shrinking again beneath the Covert of the Night half fled, and clos'd up the Gap of Heaven to wait the Arrival of the advancing Day. In a Word, Madam, it was very early in the Morning when I arose, and took that Road which led me to my Lover. My Father follow'd me so close, that unseen he posted himself behind a Bush, hard by that Shade where gentle *Odmar* lay.

When I appear'd, the Youth arose and caught me in his Arms. " Oh! welcome to my Breast
 " (he cry'd) my beauteous, generous *Daria*! What
 " Love can repay this Favour? or what Words
 " express my boundless Joy! when all the World
 " sleeps, we two are awake, and kind *Daria* robs
 " herself of Rest to ease her *Odmar* from the
 " Pains

“Pains of Absence.” *Aristeon*, who saw how familiarly he embraced me, and distinctly heard every Word he spoke, was strangely surpriz’d, and wish’d himself in the other World, that he might be insensible of that Affront he already thought done him in this; and doubted not but I was born for his Ruin, and the Disgrace of his Family.

He was a Man, Madam, rigorously good, and lov’d me also tenderly: From this you may easily imagine the Troubles of his Mind, and with what Difficulty he contain’d himself. While *Odmar*, spoke, I had a sudden Trembling at my Heart; new-born Fears oppress’d my easy Soul, and I was sick with the Apprehension of some coming Danger, yet could not foresee how, or from whence the dreaded Ill should come. My *Odmar* was sensibly afflicted with the unlook’d for Change, threw himself at my Feet, and sighing, cry’d, *O my Daria, whence this new Coldness to the Man who loves you! You have been kind, I have been more happy and——* *Aristeon*, no longer doubting what before he much had fear’d, with Fury in his Looks appear’d. He continu’d some Time silent, his Passion denying him the Liberty of speaking, or it may be he waited ’till his Heat abated, and his Judgment should take Place. My Surprise, Madam, is not to be painted in Words, and kind *Odmar* griev’d, and look’d on me languishing.

My Father stedfastly ey’d me, and taking me by the Hand, which eagerly he grasp’d, he calmly, but resolutely said, “Well, *Daria*! “you have undone yourself, and banish’d Ease “from me. My Misfortune comes from that “Side from whence I least expected any Unkind- “ness, and *Odmar* wrongs that Man, who would “have laid down his Life for his, or *Dion*’s Ser- “vice.”

“ vice. Ah! Why did he ask? or why did you
 “ consent? I have no Comfort now, but that the
 “ tender *Julietta* is yet ignorant of her Daughter’s
 “ Weakness.” My Lover was so amaz’d he knew
 not what to say: But, falling on his Knees, he
 embrac’d those of *Aristeon*, and, at last, swore by
 all the Powers above, he never yet design’d him
 any Harm, and that his Daughter was virtuous even
 to a Fault. “ But if innocent Love, added he,
 “ or chaste mutual Flames were Crimes, he own’d
 “ we were both guilty and deserv’d his Anger.
 “ *Daria*’s Birth, continu’d he, is in nothing in-
 “ ferior to *Odmar*’s; and if my Fortune sur-
 “ mounts her’s, her Virtue turns the Scale, and,
 “ with her Beauty joyn’d, weighs more than
 “ *Dion*’s Wealth, or all the glorious Riches of
 “ the *Indies*.

My Father, with Tears in his Eyes, rais’d him
 from the Ground, and again taking me by the
 Hand, said, “ Come, come, *Daria*, these are
 “ fine Baits to catch Fools and ignorant easy
 “ Maids withal. *Odmar*, for your Father’s Sake,
 “ I cease to resent this Injury as I ought, tho’ you
 “ have hurt me in the most tender Part. *She has*
 “ *been kind, you have been happy*: But neither of
 “ you shall be so again, and now you part for
 “ ever.” This said, he turn’d his Face and mine
 away, and curs’d the Hour brought *Odmar* to our
 House. To have seen the afflicted Lover, for I
 would needs look back, would have baffl’d all the
 Precepts of Philosophy, and turn’d the strongest
 Reason and most fortified Judgment into down-
 right Madness. My Soul was in a perfect Frenzy,
 and I could have rail’d against Heaven and Nature,
 and damn’d that wanton slippery Minute which
 gave me first a Being.

D

When

When we came Home, I retir'd to my Chamber. To tell you my Thoughts, Madam, would be to undertake a Task which would, even now, distract me. I consider'd my Loss, my indiscreet Management, my poor Father's Grief; and, by his Concern and Love for me, soon found, that I ought not to have done any Thing of that Consequence without his Knowledge and Consent. I remember'd his Tears, his Silence by the Way, for he had not utter'd a Syllable upon the Road, the Words my Lover us'd, which might give him just Grounds to suspect my Frailty: But most of all I remember'd my afflicted *Odmar*. Methought, I yet saw him speaking to my Father, yet, eying me, and scarce Master of his Judgment, so much for me he fear'd.

My Mother wonder'd she had not seen me all that Day, and inquiring for me of *Aristeon*, she was told, I kept my Chamber, that he had spoke some Things to me, which, tho' not harsh in themselves, yet had brought my Tears; and desir'd her to assure me, that he was again pleas'd, and pardon'd what could not be recall'd, if, for the future, I forbore to offend in that Kind. *Ju-lietta* desir'd he would impart the Cause of this little Quarrel, and told him, she was afraid he had been unjust to me, because she knew I dreaded to displease him. Besides, she was confident my Nature led me not to any Thing, which in the least look'd like Disobedience. My Father said, he knew it was so, and that he was sorry for what he had done. You see, Madam, he had the Tenderness of a kind Parent, and the Goodness of a just Husband. He already forgot, as much as possible, what he had heard and seen; my Tears had melted him, and after he had seriously examin'd *Odmar's* Words, the Hopes of finding me

me truly innocent yet chear'd his Soul, and, by quick Degrees, had rais'd him up to better kinder Thoughts. To *Julietta* he was just in the Concealment of what had brought her too many Fears; and to shew the Goodness of his Humour, from my Infancy I observ'd, that he had the Tenderness of a young Lover for her, study'd to please as if he yet courted her Esteem. She was a Mistress and a Wife, and never griev'd without a constant Sharer.

When she came to see me, she found my declining Head supported by my Arm: I was half asleep, my Sorrows having wearied out my active Thoughts, and burden'd yielding Nature. Unwilling to awake me, she was about to retire, when her hasty Steps prevented all her Cares, and rous'd me till I started from my Lethargy. I doubted not but that *Aristeon* had fully inform'd her of what had pass'd, and throwing myself at her Feet, "I conjur'd her to believe me innocent: "swore I never yielded, even in Thought; that "the generous kind *Odmar* had a better Opinion "of my Virtue, than to think of, or propose a "Thing which would have given me Cause eternally to hate him: That I was faulty in nothing but in concealing a Secret of that Weight "from my Father and her: But that I should "atone for that Crime by my future Conduct.

My Mother was much startled with what she heard; but, being of a ready Wit, easily conceal'd her former Ignorance, and pleasantly ask'd me, Why *Aristeon* was incens'd against *Odmar*? "If "you conceal'd it, added she, where was the "Crime? Come, tell me all again, for I am "afraid your Father was bias'd by his Passion "when he inform'd me of the Adventure."——

You may believe, Madam, I fail'd not to obey,

and thereupon gave her a true Account of whatever concern'd my Love, and that Discovery my Father had made. While I told the Story, I could observe strange Changes and Alterations in her Looks. By Turns, she ey'd me with Concern, Anger, Fear, Joy, and Grief. However, the Relation once ended, she threw her Arms about my Neck, weeping with the sudden Transport of indulgent Thoughts, and assur'd me, " She had feared much my Weakness, because I " yet was young; but that now, all her Fears " were vanish'd, and she believ'd me virtuous: " That *Aristeon* had conceal'd from her what had " occur'd that Day, yet, had sent her to inform " me, that he forgave me all.

This, Madam, gave me a double Joy, and I could hardly forbear laughing when I consider'd my pass'd Thoughts, my Fears, and that ugly Face which my dejected Fancy had given to my Fortune, and now saw that which I had industriously form'd to augment my own Pain in half a Minute vanish'd. I thank'd my Mother for her Tenderness and that good Opinion she had of me, and just as I spoke my Father enter'd. He had left me in Tears, and the Fondness of his Nature made him impatient 'till, in some Measure, he had restor'd my Peace of Mind.

" *Daria*, said he, you see I am a kind Father, " and, tho' you have offended, I come to sue for " Pardon, and am pleas'd to confess I wrong'd you. " Come, my Dear, for the future let us have no " Cause for just Complaints from either Side, and " let me hope that you truly deserve that good " Opinion I have of you.

My Mother said, " She, would answer in my " Behalf: For tho' I had been weak, yet she " was perswaded *Odmar* had a greater Respect " for

“ for him than to attempt the Dishonour of his
 “ Daughter.” “ Ha ! (cry’d *Aristeon*) then my *Ju-*
 “ *lietta*, you have found the Occasion of our
 “ Quarrel?” “ Yes (reply’d she) and am sorry you
 “ made a Secret of what the World may know,
 “ without Prejudice to her Honour, or that of
 “ our House.” *Aristeon* answered ; “ That at first
 “ his Fears were, perhaps, too great, but now his
 “ Mind was at Rest, and I could only keep him
 “ so by my solemn Promise, before my Mother,
 “ never to see *Odmar*, or to love him more.

This, Madam, was a hard Proof of my Obedience, and at first I was very much surpriz’d with the Proposal. But suddenly, remembering that it was no mortal Sin if I should see my Love afterwards, I gave the Proof of Allegiance desir’d, and engag’d never to converse with him again, unless one or both were present.

Thus, Madam, the Storm I so much dreaded blew over; my Sin of Love was forgot, and I absolv’d for a Performance of the Penance enjoyn’d me. How far I play’d the Penitent, you may easily judge by what follow’d in a very few Days.

Dion came to our House, as he us’d to do, attended by two or three Servants. Methought I had a more than common Interest in them, and could hardly forbear testifying so much to his very Slaves. I ey’d them with a Passion which is not easily to be express’d; for I cannot positively say that I hop’d for any Thing from them: And yet my Mind gave me, that *Odmar* possibly might have spoke to some of them, and, if he had not written to me, at least commanded them to observe my Eyes, and afterwards inform him if there they saw any Signs of Languishment or Sorrow for his Absence. In each of their Faces, for, from my Window, I could see them playing

in the Court, methought I read my own Misfortune; remember'd, that next Night they would be with *Odmar*, yet were insensible of the Happiness, and almost dy'd with Grief, when I thought the dear Youth had not sent me any Mark of his continu'd Love.

In this dejected Humour I retir'd; left the old People together, and in the Garden sought for Ease where first I lost it. *Riga*, for that was the Name of one of the Servants, follow'd at a Distance, and taking an Alley which cross'd that in which I walk'd, he met me as if Chance had led him. You may believe, Madam, I was pleasantly enough surpriz'd when he gave me a Letter, and smiling told me, his young Master had been Post to himself, if *Dion* had not prevented him. When I receiv'd it, I scarce knew what to say; and, I must confess, I had not Art enough to hide my inward Joy. Having open'd it, I found these Words:

My *DARIA*,

Would to Heaven you knew the Troubles of my anxious Breast, and all those Pains which rack my burden'd Soul. Oh *Daria*! if *Aristeon's* Frowns have banish'd *Odmar* from your Heart, I am the most wretched of Human Kind. Think! Think, my Dear, of some Means to procure me that Happiness I did once possess. To see thee, and to hear thee speak, gives those Joys which even a Lover cannot half express. I am mad between Grief and Love: I would write more but — Oh remember that, during this Absence, I am

Thy unhappy

ODMAR.

How

How much I lov'd, and how this Letter was receiv'd, may appear from my Answer:— Which was to this Purpose, if my Memory serves me right.

My ODMAR,

IF you love like me, I can easily paint your Concern, and all those Pains which rack you: And, to convince you that no Power can banish Odmar from his Daria's Thoughts, I will see you and speak to you, tho' oblig'd to the contrary by a solemn Promise. To-morrow's Night then, at Nine, come to the Back-door of our Garden, on that Side next the Fields, and in the New-Lodge you shall find

Your longing

DARIA.

The Lodge much resembl'd a Pavilion: It was stor'd with Books and Pictures, and from the Window you might see three Rivers join into one Body, and falling from a mighty Precipice in View, you would have thought they shak'd the very Floor on which you stood. The bubling and hollow Noise of greater Streams would have provok'd your Melancholy, and fed the Lamp of Love. I had of late much frequented that Place, and had the Key myself. Could I think of one more convenient for this stolen Interview? It was there I wrote my Letter undiscover'd, and there resolv'd to meet my wish'd-for Lover. — My Father, indeed, alone us'd to possess it; but, on the other Hand, I remember'd that I had not seen him there for at least a Year. In a Word, Madam, I thought the Place very secure, and

already wish'd the Night gone, which stood like a heavy Age between me and my Happiness. Methought I already saw the transported Youth fighting at my Feet, melting my Heart, and conquering as he spoke. I dream'd of nothing but *Odmar*, or, if I awak'd I scarce knew that I did so, for the lovely Image was so strongly imprinted, I knew not if my Judgment or my active Fancy form'd him.

When Day appear'd, the Morning mov'd so faintly, I really thought the lingering Night had dar'd him to the Combat, and vow'd the sole Possession of the Skies. I quitted my Bed so early, that, from my Chamber-Window, I could not descry any Thing awake but myself; a dead Silence reign'd in every Part, and not one watchful Bird yet welcom'd in the Light; the yielding Grass lay cover'd over with Dew, and the noddling Trees spoke Nature in a Slumber. To any but a Love-sick Maid, this had been no other than a melancholy Scene, and I must own, that even to myself it appear'd no less: But from that Melancholy my Pleasure grew. Love, in Absence, is naturally dejected and languishing, and I firmly believe, at least I think so, that when we are alone, and sad, the Fancy is stronger than when Reason drives our Passions from our Breasts, and hardens the Soul, which Love or Grief before had melted down and made pliant for any Impressions.

While thus I stood and thought of *Odmar* and the far distant Night, I could see, tho' with some Difficulty, a Man on Horseback: I waited impatiently 'till he approach'd; for those who love much hope Ease from every Thing: At last I knew him to be *Odmar's* Servant, *Riga*. After I had ask'd concerning his Master's Health, and told him that I would awake some of the Servants

to let him in, I stole gently down Stairs myself, and, changing my Voice to a sharper Key, desir'd to know if he had Business with my Master? meaning my Father. *Riga*, for it was he, and knew me not, answer'd, No. He begg'd Pardon for that Disturbance he gave the Family, saying, "He had lost, Yesterday, some Papers of Consequence, and was sure he had dropp'd them in our House, and, to his best Knowledge, the last Time he had them was in Miss *Daria's* Chamber, when he waited upon his Master." This increas'd my Hopes, and I firmly believ'd it was a Plot of *Odmar's*; and, willing to be speedily resolv'd, I ask'd him by Way of Whisper, "If he had not a Letter for my young Mistress?" "No, said he, in a seeming Passion, from whom should it come?" "Why, reply'd I, she wrote to *Odmar* Yesterday, and from him expected some Answer." "Did she! cry'd he, I know nothing of the Matter: I came out early in Search of my Papers, and am oblig'd, by Seven, to attend my Master, *Dion*, because this Day he goes a Hunting with some of his Neighbours. But, added he in another Tone, pray, Sweetheart, if it is possible, let me into Miss *Daria's* Chamber, for there, I am persuaded, I shall find my Papers.

I was vex'd, and knew not what to make of this Adventure: If my Father had seen me, I had been undone. The Fellow told me, he had no Letter for me, yet wanted to be in my Room, and told the Story of his Papers with so much Gravity and Earnestness, that I could hardly doubt the Truth of what he spoke. Unwilling nevertheless to betray my own Weakness, I still personated the Maid, and faintly told him, "That he might come softly up Stairs, and stay at
" the

“ the Door, ’till I had received her Orders.” He follow’d, and when I enter’d my Chamber I was even sick with Grief. I wonder’d much that *Odmar* had not written to me, and thought, if he eagerly had long’d to see me, he had miss’d no Opportunity of telling me so, and of returning those Thanks my too obliging Letter well deserv’d. However I was yet unwilling to condemn him; and, to divert that Pain the Thoughts of his Unkindness brought me, I ran immediately to the Door, where I had almost forgot poor *Riga*; and Night being wholly fled, he could perceive by my Morning-Gown who it was then admitted him, and, after a low Bow, presented me with a Letter from *Odmar*.

“ I have lost no Papers, Madam, said he, “ but you see I have presum’d to bring one, and “ from a Man who would renounce a Year of “ that Term of Life allotted him by Destiny to “ see you as securely now as I do.” *Riga*’s good Conduct and obliging Compliment so prevail’d upon my fluttering, joyful Heart, that I could not for my Life delay that Reward he deserv’d ’till I open’d the Letter. The faithful Servant thank’d me for my Bounty, desir’d me speedily to read what he had brought me, and assur’d me I should ever find him constant to his young Master’s Interest, if, I had not tied him to it by my Liberality. The Words, Madam, if I remember well, were these,

My Generous *DARIA*,

I Am happy beyond my Hopes, or what the most Ambitious could ever wish. Oh! every Minute shews a painful Hour, ’till that marked out for my Felicity arrives. I will see thee by Heaven, tho’ all the

the Elements at once oppos'd me : Let the Gods be passive, and nothing shall stop my Way. I shall for ever more remember Nine ; for that dear Hour my Daria chose to bless her Odmar, shall for the future be set apart for Love and Gladness. Oppress me with heavy Cares all Day, I will shake off the Burden when that lucky Hour comes, remember the Happiness it now brings me, and even, while the Clock strikes, will always doat upon the very Sound ; as being,

Your faithful

ODMAR,

I consider'd this Letter as the Effect of his Love, the very Product of his real Thoughts, and knew, by his Stile and Freedom, he had remember'd it was in safe Hands, and would be with Secresy enough convey'd to mine. However, lest the Servant's Stay should have render'd his Errand liable to Suspicion, I durst not write, and only bid him tell his Master, " I was pleas'd with
" what he had sent me, but could give no im-
" mediate Return, unless he hazarded a Disap-
" pointment at Night, as undoubtedly it would
" come to pass, if I should be suspected in the
" Morning of holding any Correspondence with
" my kind Odmar." The Servant withdrew, and I could see him mount his Horse before any of the Family were awake.

You may wonder, Madam, when you consider my reserv'd Way of Living, and Coldness of Temper, how I was then so kind, and perhaps you may quarrel my Fondness too, and that Expressi-
on, my kind Odmar ; but if your Grace consider my Years, and that my Inclinations were virtu-
ous, methinks it will not appear strange, or faulty :

For

For in honourable Love there can be no Crime ; and whatever we say of obliging and tender is certainly pardonable, if we do it as we ought, which in the first Place, is to consider if we are truly belov'd, the Merit and Conduct of our Lovers, and most of all, to do it privately and with Caution ; for even Crimes themselves (when we confess the Truth) if done in Secret, give not half that Trouble to the Mind, which public Trifles bring. I read the Letter a hundred Times, and in that Employ consum'd the tedious Day. When the Hour approach'd, I endured those Pains to which I had been a Stranger, or at least had not before that Time thought of. I fear'd that if *Odmar* came too soon, my Father or some of the Servants might see him in the Fields ; and if I should go to the Lodge before the Hour prefix'd, I should be miss'd and search'd for. These Thoughts made me very uneasy. However the Danger I fear'd from the last Accident was the least, and I ventured down into the Garden.

I had no sooner open'd the Door, than I found my hasty Lover muffled in his Cloak. The kind Youth caught me in his Arms. " Oh my *Daria* ! (cry'd he) I am lost in Extasy, pardon me if I cannot express my Thoughts, to Heaven and you I owe so much, that I must still confess myself a Bankrupt. O thou Darling of my Soul ; forgive me if I have no more this Goodness to repay but Life and constant Love." He was so welcome to my Breast, Madam, that I could say no more than, Oh my *Odmar* ! What I wanted in Words I supply'd in Looks, and I dare say the happy, amorous Youth was pleas'd with all he saw.

When we went into the Lodge I lock'd the Door behind me : " You see *Odmar*, (said I) how much
" I love,

" I love, and the good Opinion I have of you.
 " Madam, reply'd he, that is a Compliment I
 " know not how to answer; for I am afraid you
 " would think me faulty, if I said, your Honour
 " is secure and you are safe; because to mention
 " that, is to call my nobler Love in Question."
 " No, *Odmar*, cry'd I, I should be very unhappy
 " if I could, even in Thought, dispute the In-
 " nocence of your Love or mine; but I am for-
 " ry that, when I see you, I must be guilty of a
 " Breach of Promise.

" Ha! cry'd he, is *Aristeon* then so much an
 " Enemy to my Love! It seems, he doubts not
 " your Virtue, but my Treachery: But, *Daria*,
 " he is unjust to me; for, rather than wrong thee,
 " I would forfeit Life, Estate, or any Thing
 " yet dearer; nay, by Heaven, I would rather
 " banish all my Hopes of being loved by thee,
 " would never see thee more, and be for ever
 " damned to Absence from thee, my greatest Bless-
 " ing. — Yet, my *Daria*, for thou art all Good-
 " ness, think of a Way to redress this mighty
 " Ill; secure thyself, and ease thy Father of
 " his Fears, and if thou lovest, tie thyself for
 " ever mine. Oh *Daria*, refuse me not that Bliss
 " I ask; our Parents soon will be reconcil'd. I
 " shall yet if possible, increase my Stock of Love,
 " thou shalt be still fonder, and all who see us
 " shall confess us truly happy.

Madam, I hope you will own it was hard for
 a young Maid, who lov'd well, to keep a Me-
 dium between her Fears and Joys. His Fortune
 was, as I told you, infinitely beyond mine; he
 knew his Father would be incens'd, and might
 perhaps, from a kind Parent, become a cruel Ene-
 my: All the World was sensible of his Merit,
 nor could he himself be ignorant, that it was in
 his

his Power to wed a greater Beauty and a larger Fortune. When these Reflections fled, my sudden Cares took Place, and I already saw him unfortunate and forsaken by his Friends, because he was just to me. I saw his Frowns in Poverty and hourly Decay in Love, and methought I already heard the Poor, chang'd Odmar, whispering in my Ear, *I had been great, had I but lov'd thee less.* This last Thought stay'd the hasty Flight of my fond, new-sledg'd Soul, and it was not in my Power to answer what the Youth had utter'd.

My unwonted Silence equally mov'd his Wonder and his Fear; when, throwing himself at my Feet, "*Daria*, said he, why do you use me thus? " Oh remember it is *Odmar* speaks; it is the " Man who loves you; one who can never be " happy without you, and thinks the Gods have " not a Gift to bestow upon their first Favorite " among Mortals, like that I ask of you.

Who can resist a kneeling Lover, Madam? I rais'd him in my Arms, and fondly, yet confus'dly told him, " His Love and Honour made me " wholly his, and I would be eternally rul'd by " him. For now I gave my All into his Hands." To tell you his Joy and the kind Words he utter'd, would be to renew the Sense of my Misfortunes. No Man ever said more; no Woman ever believ'd more, or gave kinder yet more innocent Returns; and no two Lovers ever confided more in one another, or were happier than we. When we had said all we could, we unwillingly were silent, and gaz'd on each other, then began afresh, prais'd, lov'd, doated, sigh'd and languish'd. This happy Scene had banish'd all my Cares; I found my *Odmar* just, and sought no other Blessing.

At

At last my discreet Lover kindly told me, it was Mid-Night, conjured me to forgive him, because slippery Time had run away when he had seen his Thoughts imploy'd. I was heartily vex'd that I had manag'd so ill. I saw how inconvenient it was for *Odmarr* to travel at Hours so unreasonable, and yet knew myself necessarily oblig'd to leave him. In this Disorder of Thoughts I heard a Noise in the Garden, and stealing softly to the Window, could discern my Father with one or two Servants, inquiring earnestly of each other, if they had yet seen me; I trembled when I heard my Name pronounc'd, and my Lover was almost mad with Grief because he saw me so. At last they came to the Door, where they knock'd aloud; and perceiving no Answer, concluded I was in some other Place, either ill with a sudden Fit, or by some other Accident unknown.

My Father, to be better satisfied, commanded them to break open the Door, because, perhaps, I might be there, yet fast asleep. But the Servants assuring him, that it was impossible, considering the Noise they had made, he was at last diverted from his Resolution. My Lover, while this was acting, stood Sword in Hand ready to receive him; swore, "He had been once tamely robb'd of me, but would be so no more: That he would not attempt *Aristeon's* Life, but would secure my Peace, and carry me off in Spite of all his Followers." And I verily believe, had my Father enter'd, I should have trusted to *Odmarr's* Generosity, and fled with him. As they went off, I heard *Aristeon* cry, *Oh Heavens, restore my Daughter, or take back that wretched Life you gave me.* These Words wounded my very Soul; and I had almost cry'd out, *Your Daria is not lost.* However,

ever, seeing his Search was to no Purpose, he retir'd to his House, and there, with my weeping Mother, waited the Arrival of a new Day.

Mean Time, it was so dark, that, being naturally timorous, I durst not traverse the Garden alone, nor could I take *Odmar* with me, lest I should meet *Aristeon*, or some of our Servants, by the Way. My Lover saw my Troubles, knew they were upon his Account, and bore a more than equal Share. I stifled my Grief as best I could, that I might lessen his, and with a calm Brow, ask'd him, What was my best Course? I bid him at once consult my Honour and my Safety: and he, who never entertain'd a Thought against either, said, "He would be advis'd by me: But, "if I rely'd on his Opinion or Judgment, I should "stay in the Lodge all Night, that he would "stay by me, and guard me while I took my "Repose. In the Morning he would retire as "early as I pleas'd; that I could hardly satisfy " *Aristeon* concerning my Conduct, if I should go "Home at that Hour of the Night.

Odmar's Voice was to me, Madam, no less than a very Oracle, and I knew him so good and just I scrupl'd not to grant him whatever he ask'd. My Silence shew'd I was resolv'd to stay; and the glad Youth scarce knew how to thank me for my Goodness, and that Opinion I had of his, and swore, "He would not betray so much Innocence to gain the first Beauty under Heaven, "and the greatest Empire on Earth." Having thus pass'd about two Hours, *Odmar* begg'd I would go to Bed; for there was always one in the Room in which my Father often lay, saying, "Sleep was "necessary for the Preservation of my Health, "which was dearer to him than his own Life; "and

“ and assur’d me, he would awake me before the
 “ Sun arose.

I was much concern’d at the Proposition, and, with some Passion, ask’d him, “ If he thought
 “ my Love had banish’d native Modesty? Or,
 “ if he had advis’d me to stay with a Design to at-
 “ tempt my Honour?’ The kind Youth fell on his Knees, and clasping mine, swore by all the Gods, “ He never mean’d me Ill; *Daria’s* Welfare, and that of his own Soul were equally his Care, and if I denyed him that Assurance of
 “ my Love he begg’d, he would believe himself
 “ yet unhappy, after all I had done for him.
 “ Why, *Daria*! (added he) is *Odmar* a common Lover? Is he not thy Husband? Let
 “ me hope our Hearts are united, and, sure,
 “ a few trifling Ceremonies serve not to confirm the
 “ Tye before Heaven, but with others of our Fellow-Creatures, whose unbounded Passions must
 “ be limited and restrain’d by Laws. To the
 “ Virtuous and Good no Force is needful; and
 “ I shall be just to thee, as I would expect Mercy from the Powers in Heaven, when my last
 “ Hour approaches.

O, Madam, it is needless to say any more, I lov’d even to Distraction, nor did he merit less. I yielded, and hid my Blushes in his Breast, he was bless’d, nor could I think myself unhappy: That Sleep he had at first propos’d was to both deny’d, nay, was not wish’d or look’d for; we consum’d the Hours in each other’s Arms, and *Jove* stood wishing, as he view’d our Joys.

When the conscious Day appear’d, and lovely *Odmar* rose, what Agonies did my poor Soul know: He embrac’d me tenderly, but without one kind Word leap’d from the disorder’d Bed. I already feared I had shown too much of Fond-

ness, and that the Joys of that Night had cloy'd the Appetite of his transported Soul. When he was dress'd, he came again to the Bed's Side, took me in his Arms, sigh'd, and ask'd me, when he should be bless'd again? With Tears in my Eyes I told him, *I was his; and that now my Happiness depended upon his Pleasure. To-morrow's Night then* (said he) *let me find my Daria here, doubt not my Love or Honour.* Again he kiss'd me, and so quitted the Room. Oh! Madam, if you knew those Cares which oppress'd me when he was gone! I remember'd how eloquent he had been before I yielded, and now saw he had scarce one kind Word to spare. His Sighs increas'd my Fears, and I had nothing to comfort me in this new Affliction, but that last Kiss he gave me, which, notwithstanding his Silence, methought did yet express a constant, tender Flame.

When I open'd the Door, I trac'd his Footsteps on the Dew, and almost sunk with the fresh Remembrance of what had been transacted. "Go, Odmar, cry'd I, go; and, if thou art not so honourable as I have judg'd thee, I know how to be reveng'd; my Death shall atone for my Guilt, and thou shalt mourn the Loss of her who lov'd thee." As I spoke, I cast my Eyes that Way the Youth had gone, and saw my Father coming. I trembled so much as he approach'd, that my Fears indeed were enough to betray the Secret.

"Ha! Daria (cry'd he) is this the Reward of a Father's Care? Have I lov'd you to be the more easily betray'd by you, and is your Virtue and Honour fled beyond Redemption! My Passion is not Master of my Judgment; and I forbear to use you as I ought to do, tho' I
" have

“ have trac’d the false *Odmар*, and saw him on
 “ the other Side of the River: But take this for my
 “ positive Resolution, never see me more: Since
 “ you obey’d not the Instruction of a kind Fa-
 “ ther, I shall, nay, I have forgot that ever I
 “ had a Daughter.” I had pass’d the Night in
 Pleasure, and the Morning in Tears, so that I
 had not Time to feign a Story to divert his An-
 ger. I threw myself therefore at his Feet, sunk
 with Grief, and could hardly bid him think I yet
 was virtuous.

“ Yes, yes, *Daria* (reply’d he) you are vir-
 “ tuous! I can read in your Eyes no Signs of last
 “ Night’s Revels! But come, (continu’d he, and
 “ taking me by the Hand) let’s see the Scene
 “ where the Dishonour of my House was acted.”
 When he came to the Bed, Oh, Madam, I blush
 to tell, that the Marks of Virgin Loves con-
 fess’d that Weakness which I strove to hide. My
 Father was Thunder-struck with what he saw,
 and running out of the Room, I could hear him
 at some Distance, cry, O! my lost *Daria*.

I am sure, Madam, you will confess, it is im-
 possible to paint that Anguish which I then en-
 dured. I fell into a Swoon upon the Bed, and
 there lay some Hours before I recover’d my
 stray’d Senses. When my Judgment return’d, I
 underwent a new Return of all my Pains, I was
 ready to end all my Grievs by one dire Blow, and
 I am firmly persuaded, if any Instrument of Death
 had been nigh, I had not now liv’d to mourn the
 Loss of *Odmар*.

However, amidst all my Sorrows, I recollected
 that Appointment he had made for the succeed-
 ing Night; and, tho’ I doubted much his Con-
 stancy, I resolv’d to wait the Event. Till that
 Time should come, I knew not whither to betake
 myself;

myself; I could not fly to a Friend's House, because then my Shame would be notorious, yet durst not venture to shew myself at Home, as *Aristeon* had sworn he never more would own me: And, before I could come to a Resolution, my afflicted Mother enter'd the Lodge.

“ Well, *Daria*, said she, I come not to reproach you with a Crime, which cannot now be mended, but to tell you, that no Arguments can yet reconcile you to your Father. He denies your Admittance to his House. This indiscreet Love of your's, has sown that Reproach upon our Family, (for can you think *Odmар* will wed a Fortune so mean as your's?) which no Time shall be able to root out. In a Word, your Father is mad with Grief, and you may guess at mine. However, come along with me, and stay in your Chamber without his Knowledge; for my Tears may yet persuade him to forgive this Fault of Love and Youth.

I was not able to make any Answer to this Tendernefs of my Mother's: Grief was too visible in my Face, and sufficiently pleaded my Excuse. I obey'd then, and when I was left alone in the Room, in a few Minutes my Condition was the same it had been, a little before my Mother had come to me; and when the Troubles of my Mind again allow'd me the Use of my Faculties, I read my *Odmар*'s Letters over and over, but found not in them half that Pleasure I had known before. At Night my Mother came again to see me; she told me, my Father's Sorrow was nothing yet abated, that he was resolv'd not to lose *Dion*'s Friendship; bid me make Use of my Reason, and shun immoderate Grief, and so left me to myself. I pass'd the Night without Sleep, and the next Morning yet augmented my Fears, for now
the

the Hour approach'd, in which I was again to see my *Odmar*, from whom alone I hop'd and wish'd Relief. To be short, Madam, Night at last arriv'd, but not my Lover. How I long'd and waited for him in that Lodge, where I had been once so happy, no Tongue can utter : I stray'd there all Night, and, tho' in the Dark and alone, void of my wonted Fears, and did only weep my own Folly, and my unkind *Odmar's* Absence.

In the Morning I found a Paper lying upon the Bed, I knew it to be *Odmar's*, and wonder'd that my Father had not seen it the Day before. You must know, Madam (for so I understood afterwards) it was written originally by a Friend of his, to whom I have since that Time been much indebted. Having open'd it with Impatience, I found these Words :

*Accurs'd be those who Marriage Vows began !
'Twas a mere Trick to bubble easy Man.
A holy Cheat, a promis'd Heav'n ne'er found,
Cozens the Traveller like incanted Ground ;
Which when he seeks to tread, he ne'er can find,
Flies quick away, and leaves no Marks behind.
Some doating Coxcomb may with Pleasure wed,
And with some lovely Female share his Bed ;
Who'll sigh and clasp him in her treach'rous Arms,
And feed his Leach'ry with a thousand Charms ;
Weep when he's sick, and feign a real Grief,
Offer her Blood, nay, Soul, for his Relief.
The stupid Ass believes, and mourning lyes,
Views the dear Filt, with Sorrow in his Eyes,
Gives her a Jointure, and a Cully dies :
While she, Poor Thing, to ease her anxious Breast,
E'er he's half cold, admits an abler Guest.*

*His brawny Foot-man's Master of the Spoil,
 And swims in Gold he gains with Midnight Toil.
 The Roman Knight by all was prais'd, when he
 Despis'd a Gulph, to let his Country see
 He'd plunge himself to set his Neighbours free.
 To me no Love like that shall e'er be known,
 I'll know no other Int'rest but my own.
 Fond Maids may think I'll wed; but I'll enjoy,
 Promise and ne'er perform, since, for a Toy,
 None but a Fool would's Liberty destroy.
 When Heav'n would punish Sins, and Anger show,
 It joyns two Beggars, and it leaves them so.
 Each crys for Help, which neither can afford,
 This blames his Wife, and that her needy Lord,
 While Sir-Loyne, shunning Noise, forsakes the Board.
 Some yielding Nymph——*

You see, by this broken Line, Madam, the Piece was not perfected; however, there was enough to excite my Grief and Wonder. I was now fully persuaded Odmar was unjust, and even when I believ'd him so, wonder'd that a Man, who look'd so like some Angel, could in his Nature be the worst of Villains. I knew he was a Poet for his own Pleasure, and found, by what I had read, he had spoke his Sentiments, not half his Art or Wit. I saw my Fortune painted in each Line, and now (tho' ne'er before) I wish'd I had not known him. I found my Ruin inevitable; for since Odmar was unkind, I had no more to lose. I had too convincing a Proof of my Ill-Fortune, when I reflected how he had written to me in the Morning, when he was to see me that Night, and could not reasonably have expected a Letter from him; and that now, when he had given me the Disappointment he had not been at the Pains to excuse himself, or say that yet he lov'd me.

This,

This, Madam, is a tedious Way of telling the Story of my Love. But I can do no less than acquaint you with my Grievs, because the Remembrance of these Things fill my Soul, and yet deny a Room to any other Thought. To be short, then as possibly I can, I resolv'd speedily to abandon the World, and retire to a Nunnery, a few Miles distant from *Odmar's* Father's House. I had there two young Cousins, whom Love had made Recluses, and I determin'd to spend my Days like them. I went privately to my Chamber, and took from thence every Thing of Value and of small Bulk, read over my Lover's kind Letters, and afterwards committed them to the Flames. With my Eyes took a long Farewel of the Place of my Nativity, and, drown'd in Tears, I took my Leave of it.

I had not walk'd far, when my Grief and Trouble made me know I was too weak for a Foot-Journey of five long Miles. Half-faint beneath a shady Tree I lay, and view'd the watchful Shepherds driving out their Flocks, and wantoning even in Rags. I compar'd their Condition with mine, and often wish'd I had been born, like them, to moderate Wants, or to some humbler Fortune, bless'd with Peace and Innocence. I mourn'd all my Misfortunes at once, but most of all I griev'd the Loss of *Odmar's* Letters; for I found, even then, when I suffer'd so much for him, it was not in my Power to hate him.

While thus I lay, I could see, at some Distance, two Men on Horseback. It was yet so very early in the Morning I could hardly suppose them less than Robbers. My Fears suggested a thousand Things to me. I forgot not that I was a Woman, helpless and alone; and yet, Madam, by that great Power I swear by, who gave me

first a Being, I wish'd them Murderers, Ravish-
ers, or worse, if possible. Life was become a
perfect Burden to me, and I was resolv'd some
Way or other to be reliev'd from the Weight.
As they approach'd, I advanc'd into the Road,
and expos'd, as if I did it by Chance, all
Things of Value about me, to tempt the vicious
Wretches, and thought then, by Resistance, to
prompt them on to Fury. This Conduct, I con-
fess, was a greater Crime than any I had yet
committed; but your Grace will consider that
Despair has no Acquaintance with Reason, and I
did it with a settled Design to compleat my Ruin.

When they came close up to me, Oh Hea-
vens! what Art can express my Surprize; for I
had almost fainted with Excess of Joy, in the
Depth of my Misery, and sunk beneath myself,
my Kind, just *Odmár* came to raise me up.

“ Ah! *Daria*, cry'd he, alighting from his
“ Horse, Whither art thou going? Why do I
“ read in thy Face so many Signs of Sorrow?
“ Didst thou suspect me? Oh! by Heavens! I
“ am raving mad with Joy! for whatever has
“ brought thy Tears, I find thy Grief adds Phil-
“ ters to thy Beauties.” When I could speak,
I cry'd, “ Oh *Odmár*, do I owe this Felicity to
“ Chance, or You?” “ No, reply'd he hastily,
“ to yourself only; If you had been less fair, or
“ less kind, I had been less constant; and now
“ I know you truly love me, we shall both be
“ happy. But I have nothing, my Dear, con-
“ tinu'd he, to repay that Joy you give me, a
“ faithful Heart excepted, which Heaven design'd
“ but for itself and you. Know that I have in-
“ form'd my Father of the Love I bear you;
“ But he alas! tho' otherwise kind, is inexorable,
“ and swears, if I persist, he will never see me
“ more,

“ more. The Hopes nevertheless of obtaining
 “ his Consent with-held me from my *Daria*
 “ Yesterday, but could not do so To-day.” “ Ah
 “ *Odmar*! cry’d I, the Gods were passive, and
 “ you might have come. But I am ruin’d; my
 “ Father has banish’d me from his House, and
 “ our stolen Happiness is — No, said he, in-
 “ (interrupting me, and with all the Tendernefs
 “ imaginable) if my Love can repay the Loss of
 “ *Aristeon*’s Smiles, my *Daria* is not ruin’d. Here,
 “ continu’d he, and turning to his Friend, this
 “ is my Wife: You can confirm our Vows al-
 “ ready made, and, as you tender my Life, com-
 “ ply.” To be brief, Madam, *Odmar* was sin-
 gular in his Love and Virtues. We were that
 Day marry’d (for his Friend was a Priest, whom
 the kind Youth had brought on Purpose) bless’d
 with safe Possession, and both Exiles, because we
 lov’d too well.

We retir’d to the House of a Gentleman, who
 was *Odmar*’s Relation and mine too. He wrote
 often to his Father; but the Churl was deaf to all
 Intreaties. Mine would not lose *Dion*’s Friend-
 ship, tho’ he pardon’d me in his Heart; and my
 Mother alone was kind to us both, and sent me
 frequent Letters in Return of mine. We went sel-
 dom Abroad, we were welcome to our kind
 Friend, we lov’d more passionately than ever, and
 scarce one Night pass’d without a Recital of our
 first Night’s Joys, our mutual Fears which fol-
 low’d, his Longings, my Pains, and those Thoughts
 we entertain’d for one another, when first old *Di-*
on languish’d at our House. Thus, Madam, we
 liv’d two Years, and I can confidently affirm, that
 to the last Hour, we had those little Cares to
 please, true Love, and constant Fondness for each
 other, we knew that Night I yielded in the Lodge.

At

At last, this happy Scene vanish'd, and, tho' the Story grates my Soul, and awakes my slumbering Grievs, yet, Madam, for your Satisfaction, take it thus.

Our King, the good *Otbredus*, unfortunate in his Councils, tho' of himself just and merciful even to a Fault, was finally by Knaves betray'd, and by his Friends abandon'd. In this Extremity he fled, and, seeking Protection from a Neighbouring Monarch, left the Government to the Management of others. *Scarronida* was so fond of their new Government, that he was judg'd a Traytor to his Country who entertain'd but favourable Thoughts for his native injur'd Lord. The Eastern Part of the Nation, nevertheless, betook themselves to Arms; and, tho' they were but a Handful of Men, the Number of their Enemies consider'd, boldly held the Field, and bid Defiance to the new-crown'd Sovereign.

Dion was one in this loyal Army, and finding he was incapable of induring those Fatigues inherent to his Post, he sent at last for *Odmar*. My Father fought as he did, and whether or not he perswaded old *Dion* to reassume his good Nature upon this Occasion, I cannot possibly affirm. My kind Husband shew'd me the Letter he had receiv'd, and ask'd my Advice concerning that Answer he design'd, when, at the same Time, he knew I had for his Judgment that Respect which fond little Children bear to that of a tender Mother. In a Word, tho' the old Man had freely pardon'd him, yet he would not obey, 'till first he had secur'd his *Daria*, and therefore let him know, " That, tho' he was kind, yet his Son
 " was still unfortunate, unless he was doubly so
 " to me; and, as a Mark of his unfeign'd Re-
 " conciliation, settled one half of his Estate on me,
 " if

“ if it was my Fortune to survive so good a Husband.” *Dion* readily agreed to this, and assur’d him, he deserv’d more than he had to bestow upon him, since his Constancy to me sufficiently excus’d his primitive Disobedience upon the Score of Love. I firmly believe our hospitable Friend *Tameran*, for that was his Name, alone griev’d our better Fortune. He was a Batchelor, not young, and a real Hater of Women, and the Author of those Lines which *Odmar* had copied, and accidentally drop’d in the Lodge, yet he confess’d, that, in Spite of his Humour, he found a certain Pleasure, when he saw our mutual Fondness and happy Way of living, and often swore, if he could find a Woman like me, and himself could love like *Odmar*, he would no longer be averse to Marriage. When we came to *Dion*’s House, we were receiv’d with all that Respect and Assurance of his Affection we could desire, and *Aristeon* fail’d not to weep for Joy to see his Daughter happy.

It never was my Chance to be every Way felicitous, and *Odmar*’s Absence lessen’d or quite remov’d the Sense of my present good Fortune. The loyal Army lay but a few Miles from *Dion*’s House; so that I heard from him every Day, and by the Gods I swear, Madam, I read the Letters with the same Joy I knew when faithful *Riga* gave me that one I mention’d under a Pretence of seeking Papers which he had not lost. Heaven never beheld two such Lovers, and when the new King’s Army came into the Bosom of our Country, I suffer’d a thousand deadly Fears for the constant Sharer of my Joys.

In a few Days they came to a pitch’d Battle, where the General of the old King’s Forces lost his Life, tho’ he gain’d the Victory. He conquer’d, and Death overcame the Conqueror. *Od-*

mar

mar flew to my Arms, the Danger I once fear'd was now blown over, and Security made us doubly blest'd. He stay'd a Month, which as a single Hour appear'd, and the new King, having mustered fresh Troops, he left me to seek new Hazards. The Armies again met, but Fortune had fled with the General, and we, if I may properly say I was on *Odmar's* Side, lost the Day, and all that Honour we had gain'd before. My Husband however was safe, and I ask'd no more. Our remaining Troops were by Degrees cut off, and, in a short Time, no Man appear'd in Arms but *Dion* and his Followers. Unable to keep the Field, he retir'd to a little Town, which yet own'd no Power superior to his own. This he fortify'd and stor'd with Provisions, such as the harra'ss'd Country could afford. In the mean Time, the successful Monarch, wearied with the Civil War, and willing to secure with seeming Mercy what with Blood he had purchas'd, offer'd to every Man who would lay down his Arms the Benefit of a *Kariph*, which you call an Act of Indemnity. *Dion*, who wisely saw he could be no longer serviceable to his Prince by obstinate Resistance, laid hold of this Opportunity, and made his Peace with Honour. In short, our Gates were open'd, we rely'd upon the Conqueror's Promise, admitted his Troops, and made them Bosom-Friends.

Now it was, I thought myself beyond the Reach of Fortune's Frowns, and almost elevated above the Power of Fate. *Dion* and *Aristeon* found themselves blest'd beyond whatever they hop'd, and never saw us without Joy and Wonder. Oh Heavens! how innocently we liv'd, and lov'd as when first we swore we did so. Poor *Odmar* thought of nothing but his *Daria*, and I never dream'd

dream'd of any Thing but him. We descry'd new Beauties in one another every Day, long'd and wish'd like Bride and Bridegroom, gaz'd, embrac'd, and knew no Pains, but when, in each other's Arms, we sigh'd and fear'd we had not lov'd alike. ——— Now, Madam, pardon my Tears, for when I have told you all, you will own my Griefs are just.

One Night, as awake I lay, I heard my *Odmar* groaning in his Sleep. It was the first Time he ever had done so, and I was much amaz'd; but more, when suddenly raising himself up, he cry'd, *Ob spare my Daria's, I will give you mine.* “Ha! my Dear, cry'd I, whither does your Fancy wander? Why thus afraid when there is no Danger nigh?” Rouz'd from his Sleep, he caught me in his Arms, kiss'd me with Transport, sigh'd, and fain would sleep again, had not I press'd his Hand in mine, and conjur'd him to tell me why he had pronounc'd my Name in dreaming.

“Ah! *Daria*, said he, I can yet hardly think “I have thee in my Arms, so much I fear'd “thee lost. I dream'd, and oh! methinks it was a “very lively Dream, that *Tameran*, our kind “Friend, who entertain'd us when unfortunate, “pull'd aside the Curtain, and with Looks which “spoke him fill'd with dire Revenge, threaten'd “thy Life and mine, for Crimes he fear'd I had “done, but would not reveal.” “You take me “for a Friend, said he, but you shall find a Foe, “where least you thought of one; I trust not “the Man who once offends, for, tho' he begs “my Pardon afterwards, yet I consider that “as the Effect of my Power and his Necessity, “not Love or real Friendship.” “This said, “methought he struck his Dagger to my Heart, “and

“ and swore you too should bleed: It was that,
 “ my Dear, continu’d he, which broke the Chain
 “ of Sleep, and set my Tongue at Liberty.

When *Odmar* spoke, I endur’d the same Pain as if it had not been a Dream; but that which sunk me most, was, that this same Night I had seen old *Dion* expiring on his Bed, and ghastly in his Wounds. To increase my Fears, my Windows stood all open, and between me and the Skies I saw the Heads and Limbs of murder’d Friends, heard the Shrieks of tortur’d Souls which wander’d in the Air, and howling Ghosts to snowy Shrouds confin’d. I shrunk, and grasp’d my *Odmar* in my Arms, and would, before I spoke, view the sad Scene again: But as I was about to relate my Fears to my dear Companion, I heard a dreadful Noise upon the Stairs. The Chamber-Door was immediately forc’d open, and Ruffians, mask’d in Armour, straight rush’d in: My Fears would not let me cry out: But the more daring *Odmar* leap’d from the Bed, and with his Sword receiv’d them. Oh Heavens! this brave, dear young Man did all a Mortal could, but, cover’d all over with Wounds, at length he fell. *Oh base Villains! Oh Daria! Daria!* he cry’d, and in that Moment dy’d. The senseless Clay suffer’d their utmost Fury, and they stabb’d *Odmar*, after *Odmar* was no more. I saw it, Madam, and oh! that I liv’d to see so much, yet found that it was not in my Power to speak, for my Soul, affrighted with the horrid Sight, retir’d and left me destitute of Sense. This alone sav’d my Life; for when the cruel Murderers saw me motionless on the Floor, and drench’d in my Husband’s Blood, they believ’d me dead; so they forsook the Room.

When I recover’d my Soul half fled, I knew not what to think, I was in a perfect Frensy,
 and

and would have thought all a Dream still, if I had not found the wounded Body by me, nay, even then I scarce could think myself awake; for when I examin'd my pass'd Life, in all my Search I saw not one massy Sin which could have pull'd this cruel Stroke from Heaven, nor could I think that the just Gods had us'd me so, when I had study'd never to offend. The bloody Executioners had carry'd their dark Lanthorns with them, and I, to be convinc'd of my own Unhappiness, undress'd as I was, ran into the next Room to tell old *Dion* that his Son was lost, and I myself distracted; for, Madam, I must confess I really was so. Oh! what Words or Art can paint my Woes, and the Horrors of that sad inauspicious Night! The Father was murder'd before the Son was cold, and *Aristeon* shar'd in *Odmar's* Fate, he and my Mother were both butcher'd, and, if so Heaven had pleas'd, would *Daria* too had died, for not one of *Dion's* Relations escap'd but myself.

You may wonder, Madam, that any Man was found to execute so barbarous a Commission: For you must know, tho' it is very strange, the new Statesmen, fearing, that if the exil'd Prince should at any Time attempt the Recovery of his Rights, *Dion* would prove a dangerous Subject, they thought it fitting, by this inhuman Method, to prevent that Evil they fear'd. My just Grievs robb'd me of the Use of my Reason, and it was my Fortune not to feel the Weight of my own unhappy Fate; for oh! Madam, I had lost the best of Men: But during the Time of my short Intervals, a neighbouring old Gentlewoman of my Mother's Acquaintance took particular Care of me, and after fifteen tedious Months I was again myself. But, tho' bless'd with my Reason,
I was

I was still oppress'd with Grief, and therefore, without acquainting any one, nay my Benefactress herself was a Stranger to it, I quitted the Scene where all my Ills were acted, and came in Tears to *Armenis*. My Fortune preferr'd me to your Grace's Esteem, to whom I confess I am more indebted than all my coming Services can ever repay. I have told you a Story I had long conceal'd, and, Madam, you may believe that the brave *Odmar's* Relict would not so far betray her Honour, as to conceal any Part of the Truth, or add a Tittle which was not really so.

Here, my *Albifinda*, the lovely unfortunate *Daria* ended her Story, and the tender-hearted Dutches's shed Tears for *Odmar's* Fate; crav'd Pardon if she had not us'd her conform to her Quality and Merit, and assur'd her, that, for the future, she would make it her study to teach her to forget her Misfortunes. *Eriphile* was always good, and she was at this Time so much concern'd for the Loss of so kind a Man, that she told *Daria*, she could dwell eternally upon the Story, and there settle her Thoughts, if the sad Remembrance and frequent Repetition did not renew the Tears of one who had so just Cause to mourn.

As she spoke, *Erinthus* enter'd. The Dutches's receiv'd the fortunate Youth with all the Tenderness of a conquer'd Beauty, told him, the Duke was gone to Court, and kind Love had allotted the few Minutes of his Absence for the Happiness of both.

Poor *Daria* blush'd and withdrew, and the Lovers, now left to themselves, let loose their Wishes, and surfeited in Pleasure. But as they lay in each other's Arms, their Soul, up on the Wing,

Wing, and fear'd, by coveting too fast, Desire should be lost, the injur'd Duke arriv'd.

Pardon me, *Albifinda*, if I omit not the Particulars of this Adventure. Their mutual Joys had banish'd usual Dread, and he knock'd at the Chamber-Door before they thought him nigh. *Erinthus* nimbly started from the Bed, and, sensible of his own Danger, and the Crime he had committed, half dress'd, leap'd from the Chamber-Window into the Garden; and, with the Hazard of his Neck, made his Escape. *Entheon* saw him, and, in a Height of sudden Passion, fir'd a Pistol after him, but without the wish'd Success. It is easy to guess in what a Posture he found the lovely Dutchess, half dead with Fear, and unable to hide what even, to *Entheon*, she should have never expos'd, tho' in her State of Innocence: Besides, to evince her Guilt, and that she had been actually happy in another's Arms, the lucky Youth, when from the Bed he leap'd, had left the usual Marks of Love behind him. This indeed the Duke had not the Misfortune to see, for one of the Maids, who was privy to the Amour, enter'd the Chamber with him, and hid the base Remains of interrupted Love.

Eriphile at once blush'd and weep'd. She saw it was impossible to deny what had pass'd between her and *Erinthus*, and did not so much as offer to extenuate the Crime. *Entheon* knew his Honour betray'd, his constant Love repay'd with Treachery, and griev'd that ever he went to *Cisala's* House. Then again remembering her Blushes, when first he saw her in the Garden, her Love, which at that Time was real, and all those tender Words she utter'd in his Arms, since she became a Wife, he grew almost mad, and the Thoughts of losing so much Sweetness rack'd his very
F Soul:

Soul: Again he ey'd the weeping Fair, and again storm'd and griev'd. He curs'd the Hour which brought *Erinthus* to his House, and saw, that if he reveng'd this great Affront, he could gain no Honour by it, the Quality of the Offender consider'd. Besides, *Eriphile* was always dear to him, and now (tho' false to the last Degree) as lovely as ever she had been. The powerful Charms of a weeping Beauty can never be truly painted. To have seen the Dutchess at this Juncture, was to be eternally her's; and when she look'd upon her injur'd Lord, she shew'd a certain Softness of Force enough to inflave at once the Judgment and the Soul.

You may believe then, *Albifinda*, the generous *Entheon* was not insensible when he beheld her. He sat some Space speechless, and thinking on his Loss; then, suddenly starting up, he threw himself upon the Bed, took her in his Arms, and kiss'd away her Fears. "Ah, *Eriphile*, cry'd he, "how I lov'd you, Heaven and you can tell! "How my Love and Constancy have been rewarded, I am asham'd to speak! But oh! why " *Erinthus* is prefer'd to *Entheon*, you alone can say! Was your Honour, now inseparably tied to mine, a Trifle, and Marriage-Vows a Whim of Priesthood? No, no, *Eriphile*, the World will take Notice of the first, and Heaven, I fear, can scarce neglect the latter. But I, by all is good, forgive you. Let not my Disgrace and your Weakness be the Table-Discourse of a whole Nation: Let what is pass'd be hush'd up in eternal Silence, and for the future to *Entheon* and to yourself be just.

Sure, *Albifinda*, you will confess it was a double Sin to offend so good a Husband. The tender *Eriphile* for that Time was truly sensible of this,

this, and, drown'd in Tears, tho' yet in Bed,
 threw herself upon her Knees, grasp'd *Entbeon's*
 Hand, and weeping swore by all the Powers A-
 bove, and by that just Heaven she had too much
 offended, " She griev'd what she had done, and
 " for the future would prove herself the most
 " obedient humble Wife yet was known: Add-
 " ing, his Excess of Goodness and Generosity
 " increas'd the Weight of her Guilt; that she saw,
 " with unspeakable Sorrow, how far she had err'd,
 " and assur'd him, that no Temptation should
 " ever again persuade her to forget how much
 " she ow'd to *Entbeon* or herself.

The kind Duke forgave her all, rais'd her up,
 took her again to his Arms, and told her ; " He
 " griev'd nothing more, than that *Erinthus*, proud
 " of so great a Conquest, might betray the Se-
 " cret ; to prevent which, it was fitting he should
 " bleed, for the Security of her's and his own
 " Honour." The lovely *Eriphile*, tho' she then
 truly repented the Wrong she had done her de-
 serving Lord, yet found too soon she had not
 wholly banish'd the Lover from her Breast. She
 ey'd the Duke with Concern, and reading in his
 Face the Signs of close Revenge, she fell a second
 Time upon her Knees, " Conjur'd him to believe,
 " that she was heartily sensible of that Fault she
 " had committed, but could not think the Death
 " of *Erinthus* the most proper Method to secure
 " his Honour ; begg'd, as he tender'd her Life,
 " he would lay aside that Thought, and, as he
 " had already promis'd, pardon all that was done.

The good Duke could deny her nothing ; and
 sure, *Albifinda*, his Easiness that Way was very par-
 donable ; for had she stood before that surly old
 Cynic *Diogenes*, he would not have us'd her with
 that Freedom he express'd to the World's great

Conqueror; he would willingly have quitted his Book, and gaz'd upon her, or at least have sought no other Light but what her Eyes could give. Oh, *Albifinda*! some People may blame him for Excess of Good-Nature, upon this and other Emergencies which concern'd *Eriphile*. But then, believe me, their Hearts are of a different Mould from that of this Nobleman, and they never saw *Eriphile*, or were capable of any Tenderness, who think they could have resent'd the Ill she had done; especially when she kneel'd and begg'd Forgiveness. In a Word, my *Albifinda*, the generous *Entheon* granted every Thing; she promis'd any Thing, he believ'd all, she seem'd sensible of all, and both were happy in a new Agreement.

I am afraid, *Albifinda* (for I frankly confess my Want of Art or Power to move the Passions) that by this Time you wish my Letter finish'd. But the Story affords no great Number of Adventures, and that of *Daria*, having wasted more than half my Time, you will find me generous in Spite of myself, because necessarily oblig'd to relieve you from the Trouble. I shall then, dear Madam (like some of our famous Teachers) only beg one Minute's Patience, and venture to take two.

The Duke, tho' he had lov'd much, and believ'd much, yet could not chuse but fear more. He remember'd that *Eriphile* was a Woman; that *Erinthus* was young and handsome; that he was new, and already in Possession of her Favours. These Considerations taught him to observe her Conduct narrowly; he consult'd her very Looks; and, tho' his Judgment always master'd his Passions, yet sometimes he could not chuse but think, he read his own Dishonour painted in her Eyes.

On

On the other Hand, our Dutchess fear'd to offend, because she could not reasonably expect to find him always merciful. *Erinthus* griev'd the Loss of his Earthly Heaven, but more *Eriphile's* Cares, and knew not that the Duke had sign'd her Pardon, and seal'd it with his Love. Unwilling nevertheless to forego that Happiness he had enjoy'd, by the Help of powerful Gold, he convey'd the following Billet to the longing Dutchess:

MADAM,

I Know not how to write, or how to express my Thoughts. I am ignorant upon what Terms you stand with the Duke, and am grievously oppress'd with Sorrow for what happen'd. I am safe; but, if *Eriphile* loves not, more unfortunate than if that Bullet, design'd for my Ruin, had lodg'd within my Heart. From all my Pains I rely upon you for Ease, and 'till I see you, Madam, believe me,

Your languishing

ERINTHUS.

Her Grace (tho' once half-resolv'd to forget him) was overjoy'd to know him safe; and, in Spite of all her Resolutions, found she lov'd him more than ever. When she retir'd to her Closet, to consult her Judgment what to do, before she was aware, she wrote him this Answer:

ERINTHUS,

D Anger adds to Pleasure, and Fears indear the Blessing when enjoy'd. Meet me in your Chariot To-morrow's Night, precisely at Eight, near the King's-Walk, beyond the Garden.

ERIPHILE,

The amorous and too happy Lover receiv'd it, and determin'd not to disobey. When the Hour came, he appear'd upon the Place with all the Longings of a Bridegroom. As yet he saw not one Woman there, and was almost assur'd of a Disappointment, when a lovely Youth approach'd his Chariot. *Erinthus* believ'd him sent from the Dutchess, and bid the Coachman stop; and you may think him happily surpris'd, when he found the handsome Youth was no other than her Grace of *Entheon*. The Duke shortly after, by Chance, drove the same Way, and as he pass'd *Eriphile* gave him a low Bow, as other Strangers did. You may assure yourself, they stay'd not long in the Walk; there were greater Sweetens to be found in a Bed-Chamber than in the open Fields, and they forgot all those Hazards they had lately escap'd. At Ten they parted, and the Dutchess got Home with all that Ease and Security she desir'd. Her two faithful Maids stood at the Gate to receive her; and, as she enter'd, they inform'd her, "That their Lord was at Home; that he had inquir'd after her, but that they had told him she was indispos'd, and begg'd his Grace's Excuse." Had Fortune continu'd this Kindness, all had been well. But, *Albifinda*, you must own it was hard, that, before she had well enter'd her Room, and began to undress, the impatient Duke knock'd at her Door. *Eriphile*, with a Voice seemingly faint, ask'd who it was? and knowing too soon that it was the Duke, you may easily think she was startled with the sudden Apprehension of her Danger. But, not so confus'd as to neglect her own Safety, she told his Grace, "She was so very ill, she could not yet come to the Door without Difficulty." *Entheon*, who lov'd her to Distraction, fear'd that her Ailing might

might indeed be dangerous; and, unable to live one Minute from her Sight, gently forc'd it open, and found her in the same Dress in which she had bless'd her Lover; her Wig and Sword lay obvious on the Table, and not one Sign of Indisposition appear'd.

The Great *Entbeon* became dumb with Sorrow, and the charming *Eriphile* knew not what to say for herself. At last, the Duke brake Silence, and calmly, but with Trouble, told her, " That, if " she was not really sick, she ought to have been " so, seeing his Honour had again been stabb'd, " and her's was truly dead." This generous Man, *Albifinda*, said no more; he lov'd her even yet, and griev'd her Weakness. He ey'd her a while, and, in Spite of all his Courage, his Heart melted. But, willing to hide his Softness, he feign'd another Passion; shew'd Anger in his Looks, and yet in Tears withdrew.

When he was gone, *Eriphile* threw herself upon the Bed, lamented her own Misfortune, and wish'd she could yet be sensible of *Entbeon's* Merit; and when, with Pain she view'd him noble, as when first he saw her, *Erinthus* leap'd between her and the lovely Form, and she could think of nothing else but him. Mean Time, the Duke sent for the Earl of *Cisala*, and acquainted him with all that had pass'd since that Night she and *Fidelia* went to the Play-House. The good old Earl was infinitely surpriz'd with what he heard, and thank'd him for that Moderation he had shewn, in a Case, wherein so many Provocations were given; and told him, " That *Eriphile's* Education had never " taught her to dishonour his House;" and again thank'd him for not exposing to the World the Disgrace of his seduc'd Daughter.

Eripbile yet lay upon the Bed, and was perfectly mad with Grief, when she saw her Husband and her Father enter. She was too in that Dress which betray'd the Secret; and, weeping as she rose to receive them, " Ah! my Lord, cry'd she
 " to *Cisala*, I own my Guilt; load me not with
 " Reproaches, but rob me of my Life, for I deserve not to live, since I have dishonour'd you,
 " and wrong'd so good a Husband. Oh *Entbeon*!
 " continu'd she, I cannot ask Forgiveness, you
 " have been too kind, and I too ungrateful; yet,
 " before I die let me receive your Pardon.

Whether she truly repented or not, *Albifinda*, is not to be doubted; for she never saw *Entbeon*, without really loving him. But when he and *Erinthus* were both absent, her Heart inclin'd to the latter, and own'd him much the happier Favorite. But, Madam, why should I detain you longer upon this Adventure, since I have already promis'd a speedy Conclusion. In a Word then, the Duke lov'd too well, and she was too charming. Her new Dress gave her a thousand Graces, expos'd the Tenderness and Delicacy of her Shape, and shew'd so much of Softness in her Air, that the Sight of her was enough to have charm'd the most insensible of Human-kind; for, even when in the Grove she lay, and shew'd by Chance what else had been conceal'd, her Limbs appear'd not to the vanquish'd Youth with half those Beauties which he now discover'd. *Cisala* too interceded for her, and it was morally impossible for the Duke not to be reconcil'd to such a fair Offender.

Things being thus again settled, they liv'd for some Time in a seeming Union. How far their Hearts were engag'd in this Pacification I shall not offer to determine; but, by what has follow'd,
 it

it appears, that the Dutchess did not keep to Articles on her Side. *Erinthus*, it seems, had too many Charms to be with Ease forgot, and even, in *Entheon's* Arms, she sigh'd and wish'd for him. The Duke, some Months after, was oblig'd to go into the Country, where he stay'd a considerable Time. He trusted much to *Eriphile's* Promises, and, confident of her future Conduct, left her with that Tranquillity of Mind which happy Husbands know, of virtuous Wives possess'd. In his Absence it was impossible for *Eriphile* to be constant to her Vows: *Erinthus* attack'd her with Letters, and all the Arts of a cunning Lover, knowing that, where a Woman once has yielded, it is rarely found she after can deny.

In a Word, the Lover was again happy, and the witty, fair *Eriphile* again was faulty. The continued Absence of *Entheon* gave them all that Security they could desire, and frequent Meetings made the Crime, at last, so obvious, that all the World took Notice. Every Servant in the House knew it, and, tho' they lov'd the Dutchess, yet they hated the happy Lover. He often stay'd all Night; and it is known that two of the Maids, at a certain Time, peeping thro' the Key-hole, saw them in Bed together, the Curtain at Foot being open, and next Morning could plainly perceive the Marks of illicit Love, and Honour lost. Nay, at length, the Intrigue grew so notorious, that *Erinthus's* Friends inquir'd for him, no where but at the Duke of *Entheon's*; and *Fidelia*, one Day, before many Witnesses, by Way of Rail-lery, ask'd *Eriphile*, "If *Erinthus* was not in her Closet? We shall see him, said she laughing, "appear by and by like a fatigu'd Traveller." There was also one Thing, which evidently demonstrated that Familiarity between the Fair One
and

and this fortunate Adventurer. One of her Maids, coming accidentally into the Room, found the charming Dutchess in a Posture which visibly betray'd pass'd or intended Crimes; for she was sitting upon the Bed, where the happy Lover was allow'd those Freedoms which fire the weary Soul, and give new Flames, which when increas'd expire. It is impossible to find me any Anchorite so frozen or devout, who could have seen a Tythe of all those Charms, without a Passion not to be express'd; his Hands grasp'd her naked Limbs; she wanton'd, wish'd, sigh'd, and shew'd so much of Pleasure in her Eyes, his very Soul grew giddy with the Joy. The Dutchess, and not without just Cause, was heartily displeas'd with that Discovery the Girl had made, and in a Passion, to which she was much a Stranger, desir'd *Erinthus* would, for this Impudence, kick her down Stairs; but it is to be presum'd she sav'd him that Labour by her speedy Absence.

At last, the unwelcome Duke came from the Country; and, having those in the Family who watch'd the Behaviour of his Wife, he was soon inform'd how faulty she had been. However, he conceal'd his Resentment as much as possible, took her as kindly to his Arms as ever, and only waited for some ocular Proof of her Infidelity, before he should attempt to right himself. *Eriphile* believ'd him ignorant of all, and without a Blush receiv'd him. This added to his inward Fury, and I may almost believe, so much he hated Dissimulation and Treachery, that had she again confess'd the Truth, and again begg'd Pardon, he had lov'd again. But Fortune was never truly her Friend, and she never yet was guilty of any Thing but what was, by some Accident or other, unluckily betray'd. Doubtless, my *Albifinda*, there
are

are Ladies in *Clusa* who have done as much as ever she did, who yet pass for virtuous, and would faint, at least be thought to do so, when they heard but the Name of dishonest Love mention'd before a Witness.

The Duke, one Evening, returning from Court, and almost entering *Clusa*, he found his Chariot stop suddenly by the overturning of a Hackney - Coach, which cross'd that Road in which he was. The Voice of a Lady, frighted with her Fall, requir'd *Entheon's* Assistance; and, leaping from his Chariot, you will not find it easy to paint his Astonishment when he saw *Eriphile* and her Lover sprawling on the Ground! The surpriz'd *Erinthus*, unwilling to run the Hazard of the Duke's Fury, whom he had too visibly injur'd, abandon'd the Place; and, between running and walking, soon vanish'd from his Sight. The prudent Husband was glad the Adulterer fled, knowing it was beneath himself to resent the Villany. He weigh'd his Birth and *Eriphile's* repeated Guilt, and now resolv'd upon a Way of Revenge proper to her Crimes. He stepp'd again into his Chariot, and, without speaking a Word to the mortified Dutchess, order'd the Coachman to drive Home immediately. Poor *Eriphile* was almost mad with Grief and Despair. She could not expect kinder Usage from the Duke, nor could she blame *Erinthus* for what he did; tho', if she had not lov'd too much, she had not forgot that he went off and basely left her in the Hands of a too justly incens'd Husband. In the mean Time, the Coach was again fitted up, and she came to *Clusa* with more Sorrow than ever she had known before; She durst not venture herself in the Duke's Presence, after what had happen'd, nor could she think

think of being truly welcome to her Father. To relieve her from these Anxieties; as she enter'd the Port, *Erinthus* (who had waited with Impatience) shew'd himself. She was glad to see him, and, the Coach-Door being open'd, she receiv'd him with all that Tenderness of which a Woman is capable. To be short, *Albifinda*, they went off together, and *Eriphile*, now secure in her Lover's House, forgot her Fears, her Honour and her Husband. She remember'd not how much she was esteem'd when virtuous, and scarce could think her broken Vows a Crime. *Entheon*, in the Interim, sought to redress his Honour; and, before the *Regala* (with us call'd a Spiritual Court) sued for a Divorce. The Dutchess, tho' unfortunate in her Amour, had nevertheless managed it so well, that he found it impossible to cast her; and, tho' it was known that she was guilty of the Crime laid to her Charge, yet it could not at that Time be prov'd; and she enjoy'd her Lover and her Fortune. The Duke's and her Dishonour was now the public Theme of every Discourse in *Clusa*; all Men were sorry for her, and no Man condemn'd his discreet Conduct. But, *Albifinda*, her Confidence of her own Safety advanc'd her Misfortune. *Entheon* was too great a Man to be always abus'd; and having at last remov'd his Suit, the powerful *Segdarin* (or Senate) did him Justice, and she is, at this Time, the Divorc'd *Eriphile*, once the happy Dutchess of *Entheon*.

Some may alledge, that the Duke was too formal in his Resentment, and that he ought to have punish'd *Erinthus* as the Crime deserv'd; that is to say, *Albifinda*, have shot him when he found him in his Way to *Clusa*, or at least, after his Disappointment in the first Trial. But it is certain *Entheon* chose the better Way: It was known to
every

every Man, that he wanted not Courage, and in his Youth he has even run beyond Seas, on purpose nobly to resent Affronts done to others, who were not truly capable of doing Justice to themselves or him, whose Honour suffer'd in their Persons.

You see, *Albifinda*, because I would not rob you of all Patience, I am come to a Conclusion so speedily, that I have almost cramp'd the Story. But you are the Person whom by no Means I would offend : And, tho' I wrote with Pleasure, yet I deny myself a Continuation of that Happiness, rather than be too troublesome. O, *Albifinda*, if you knew my Thoughts or Inclinations, you would easily pardon whatever has escap'd me in my Letter. If you have found any Thing in it too natural, that is, *Albifinda*, not truly nice enough, believe it was a Force upon me to please others. But if I have offended you, I buy their Friendship at a Price too dear. How cruel you have been, Madam, I cease to mention now, but I presume this Way of Writing was not prohibited that fatal Night in which you told me, I was ever to expect your Friendship, and the Happiness of being the first Man in your Esteem, but could not hope for Love. *Albifinda*, I could trace the Story even to that Place where first we met, and where two Fools (who alone it seems are fortunate) were happy, and had that Heaven they sought, by jugling Quacks allow'd. I could shew my Innocence, or at least excuse whatever I did, by putting you in Mind of my Years. But, by my Hopes of better Fortune, I know not yet what moved your Anget, and I rely upon your Goodness only for a Pardon. I could for ever think on the innocent Pleasures of that Day in which you mention'd the Story in *Pharamond*;

your

your obliging Compliment, and that Discovery of my Flame which immediately followed the Encouragement. — The Remembrance of these Things makes me truly melancholy, and I am constrain'd to end. Oh, *Albifinda*, I say no more then; but, if you can, remember the Man who has often subscrib'd himself,

Your Admirer,

MARCOMIRE.

F I N I S.



